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The Seed

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The Seed

Chicago
vol 4 no 6 35 c



CHICAGO SEED

This is Volume 4 No 6 of the Chicago Seed (the real Volume 4 No 4 had an Indian on it) in an unexplainable series published every two weeks by Seed Publishing Inc. out of 2628 N Halsted. We are members of LNS, UPS, AAA, LSD and The Family. As of Oct 1 our new address will be:

2551 North Halsted St
Chicago, Illinois 60614

As far as we know the hello, obsolete question, general information, amateur auditions and anything else you care to say to it will be 929-0133 and the business only please, 929-0134. Office hours are whenever anybody is here and sometimes not even then. We welcome poetry, letters, stories, reviews, art; but if you want it back, include a self-addressed stamped envelope.

Through all the tears, pollution, and grace of bail bonds the following people have managed to survive this issue: Wanderoo, George, Karl, Rick, Al, Marshall (who never left us), Judy, Linda, Abe, Elliot, Sharon, Mike, Gold, RYM I, RYM II, Robert Ellison, Emile de Antonio, Tom Fiofiori, Jim Sosienksi, the free Scotch whisky of Jim & Alice Hoge, the diggers & 'specially Donovan and the street gang, Marshal Dillan, Marty super seller, and Julie.

This issue is dedicated to George and Casey, children in love with the mountains.

i am terry

GRASS homegrown pounds going for \$100 to \$125 Mexican kilos \$175, but once cleaned, yield is low.

There are arsonists selling Queen Anne's Lace spiked with ethanol as grass.

Trickle of Korean & Vietnamese-DYNAMITE! HASHISH from homegrown, good, @\$50oz.

ACID Yellow, good hit, light speed \$175 per 100 \$3 singles

Cherry Acid, tiny domed tabs. 250 clinical mics no strychnine.

Small purple tabs good single hit very light speed \$3 to \$4

Reddish purple tabs, heavy, some stych. \$3-6

Seed	2628 N Halsted	929-0133
Rising Up Angry	1876 N Sheffield	472-7090
Second City	2120 N Halsted	549-8760
Student Mob	9 S Clinton	236-1895
Conspiracy	28 E Jackson	427-7773
SDS	1608 Madison	666-3874
Chicago Film Coop (Newreel)	2440 N Lincoln	248-2018
Print Co-Op	6710 N Clark	973-0219
Revolutionary		
Auto Co-Op	3855 N Ashland	528-5112
Black Panthers	2350 W Madison	243-8276
Concerned Citizens	2512 N Lincoln	348-6842
Sedgewick Mental Health Center	1900 N Sedgewick	642-3531
VD Clinic	27 E 26th Street	842-0222
Grace Church	555 W Belden	549-1002
(runaways - random places)		
LSD Rescue		664-1422
Kinetic Playground	4812 N Clark	784-1700
Aragon	1106 W Lawrence	561-8323
Triangle Prod	211 E Chicago	787-7585
Auditorium		
Theatre	70 E Congress	922-2110
FRED	2744 N Lincoln	348-2246
CADRE	519 W North Avenue	664-6895
Hyde Park		
Anti-Draft	5615 S Woodlawn	363-1248
American Friends		
Service	407 S Dearborn	427-2533
ACLU	6 S Clark	236-5564
Law Student		
Committee	357 E Chicago	649-8462
PO-lice	(request dist)	922-4747
PO lice Emer	" "	PO5-1313
Audy Home	2240 W Roosevelt	633-2300
Cook County Jail	26th & California	523-0101
Ombudsman	Box 8080, Chi 60680	744-8080

Coming Home Together

Ancient Greyhound, rapid canine carrying senses through cities and countryside of Midwestern America. Thoughts on the run. Trafficnoise haze face to face with factory-farmer and hungry hunter (hungry for sport) (amuse/ment) (midnight ball-game), old lady holds hands to ears in subway din, smalltown smile at tourist buck; newspapers in both smalltown and city pouring provincial excrement on red-dirt road (Portage Express-Item: "Cussed by some, liked by a few, read by everyone!") ("All the news that's fit to print.") DDT poison and shelf-preservative praised by farmer and merchant and middleman. Good for the shelf. Bring the Slaughter to market. To market, to market.

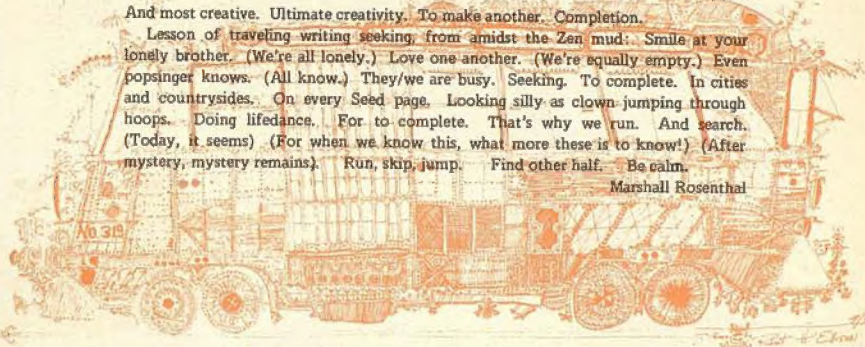
(Words. Words, words, and more words. In the beginning was words. According to writers of words. No word in the beginning from the wordless. Only is was. Rattle-tattle, these words, too, anti-evolutionary. Citysquirm chaos. Product of questing beast. Seeking.)

Aboard the bus, passing miles of corn, rocky road travel and quest. Seeking what is known: Completeness. One/ness. Unit/y. To finish self: "Masculinity and femininity are fundamental qualities, expressed by how completely the man or woman accepts or rejects the respective social function. Masculinity and femininity are not direct opposites, for there are both male and female components in every normal personality. The complimentary qualities of male and female are most fully realized in normal heterosexuality. This NEED FOR COMPLETION of one individual by another of the opposite sex is the basic emotional factor in sex. The sexual act combines the two incomplete parts to form the complete whole." -The Book of Health; Clark & Cumley, eds.) A simple statement. Comply with need for completion. How else explain mad dash around continent and globe, half a million people tribegathering to sit in mud and bombard unquiet selves with electronic din. Why else the many meeting places in citysquares: coffeeshops, restaurants, bookstores, bars, theaters, dinnerparty, cinemas teevee, radio insanity. Sitting there we all know (for everybody knows, said Kerouac) we are there so as not to be somewhere else. Alone. To look. To look at others looking. A vigil for completion. A demonstration of need for completion. The movement. Of eyes searching for to touch. That kind of movement. (People in political demonstration looking, looking through the ranks of peacesoldiers, which one will complete this incomplete me. Making newspapers and writing poems, hoping to touch a touch.) So many to touch. All needing the missing half, yes, the cliché of old: this is my missus, the better half. Self-deprecation with large grain of truth. Wizards bring flowers to Dylan - he conveying statements of completion . . . love songs . . . I'm staying here with you tonight. Lay lady lay words. My lady. My man. We are one.

Traveling writing seeking. Writing words. All to fill the empty/ness. All act/ivity for to make the monk giggle. Motion toward completion. Like the dance of the fighting fish in heat: Here . . . here, make me an egg I'll make you a seed. To be complete. And most creative. Ultimate creativity. To make another. Completion.

Lesson of traveling writing seeking, from amidst the Zen mud: Smile at your lonely brother. (We're all lonely.) Love one-another. (We're equally empty.) Even popsinger knows. (All know.) They/we are busy. Seeking. To complete. In cities and countryside. On every Seed page. Looking silly as clown-jumping through hoops. Doing lifedance. For to complete. That's why we run. And search. (Today, it seems) (For when we know this, what more these is to know!) (After mystery, mystery remains). Run, skip, jump. Find other half. Be calm.

Marshall Rosenthal



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thank you, from the druggy isolationists.



ump hoffman

The Conspirators — Rennie Davis, Dave Dellinger, John Froines, Tom Hayden, Abbie Hoffman, Jerry Rubin, Bobby Seale and Lee Weiner — are now in Chicago. Although Seale and Rubin are being held in jail, Bobby pending a bullshit murder rap; and Jerry serving the last of an old 45-day misdemeanor sentence. Other personalities in town include Fug Ed Sanders, Realist Paul Krassner, the Rapid Transit Guerrilla Theater, and the Pageant Players. The city of Chicago is going to become a three month orgy of irreverence, thanks to Dicky Daley, and Dicky Nixon and his federal government.

The Rapid Transit and Pageant Player troupes will be joining the Conspiracy Guerrilla Theatre on the streets in around-the-clock performances throughout the trial. The Conspiracy troupe made its public debut on the 18th with the public funeral of Freedom of the Press, which followed Federal Judge Campbell's order outlawing the presence of photographers and the ejection from the Federal Building until the end of the trial.

In addition to this, ballplayers in the World Series game of the Feds against the Reds have arrived in our town. The defendants are all on the Reds' team, of course, and the Feds have brought in Nixon, Agnew, Daley, Mitchell, Johnson, Humphrey, Foran, Schultz and Hoover to bat against the Conspiracy. Judge Hoffman-Magoo will be the totally unbiased umpire — which is a lot to expect from a 74-year old man who is totally blind, largely senile and being paid by the Feds' team.

And now — the Chicago Feds' line-up:

Pitcher Dicky Nixon, fresh from a string of defeats in both Washington and California, somehow managed to ooze past the owners of the American Injustice League and slither into the top post. Nixon's most famous ability lies in his ability to lie.

Catcher Spiro(who) Agnew, whose tremendous feat constantly lurk in the vicinity of his mouth. Agnew would be the Feds' leading baserunner if he didn't always trip over the bases.

General Johnny Mitchell, first baseman with a taperecorder-like memory and a computer-like mind, which have given him the reputation of being a machine. Mitchell is highly experienced in keeping a tap on the opposition.

pitcher nixon
(with bat)

Conspiracy Postscript:

As long as defendant John Froines is forced to stay in Chicago, he is requesting support in his campus organizing. John would like contacts in communities and on campuses to set up speeches for the defendants, distribute literature for the Conspiracy, organize Conspiracy support groups, and set up rallies and meetings during the trial. For further information, call him at the Conspiracy office, 28 E. Jackson, Chicago 60604.

As usual, the Conspiracy is peddling an entire shitload of propaganda in order to meet expenses; Bumperstickers, buttons, and brochures are still available for a low, low 25-cents each; the Conspiracy Caper Comix (filthy funnies which prove that Revolution isn't all work and no lay) are now available for 50-cents. Conspiracy posters are a half a buck, and the Conspiracy book written by the defendants will be out soon at 95c; Abbie Hoffman's new book *The Woodstock Nation*, will be on the stands by the time you read this; American flags, World Series pennants and programs are being flown in and given out on the streets. Leaflets and other propaganda go out free, contributions would be appreciated; mail us your fortune. See you on the streets.



panther seale

Far right fielder Adolph Daley, a long-time gestapo leader whose on-field experience is really a gas.

Third-baseman Lucky Lindy Johnson, another vet whose activities last season did much to form the tone of this season's Series.

Hump Humphrees, the center fielder whose vast experience will lend absolutely nothing to this or any other Series.

Shortstop Tommy Foran, the Feds' speed demon. It is rumored that Tommy will try to play several games at once, including another series against the Mafia League teams.

Dick Schultz, second baseman and Foran's backup man. Under Foran's brilliant leadership, Schultz believes that losing the game will bring an end to the League, and

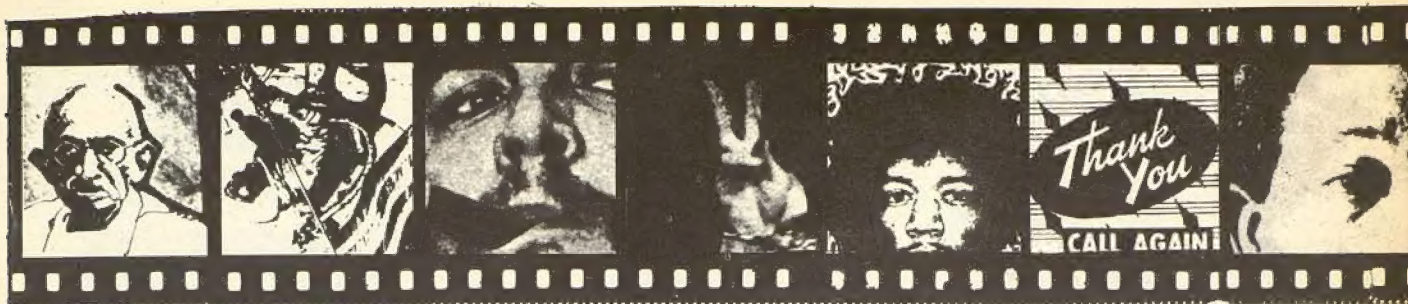
John "Piggy" Hoover, the old pomperoo of the team. Unfortunately, Hoover is so old that Pitcher Nixon is trying to field him out of the action, preferring to let J. Piggy spend his remaining years oinking in peace.

The Conspiracy's team shapes up quite simply — all eight will play left field. The Series will last throughout the trial, and is expected to go into extra innings.

Other fun and games lined up for Chicago include a small party thrown by SDS for October 8, 9, 10, and 11. The party will be held in the streets; several tens of thousands are expected to attend. [See pages four and five.] The New Mobilization Committee is also having a festival on the 25th of October which should attract upwards of 50,000. Student strikes will occur on all these dates, as well as November 14. Students might be spending more time on the streets than in the classrooms this Fall.

Chicago is rapidly turning into the biggest motherfucking three-ring circus of Revolution the world has ever known; all thanks to the Government of the United States of America. On the next indictments, they'll have to indict themselves for conspiring to incite riots.

Mike Gold
Conspiracy Office



NATIONAL ACTION

A Black Panther Party press conference. Members of the white radical media are present. The Panther in charge asks who's here. A fellow from Newsreel says RYM-1, RYM-2.... The Panther interrupts and asks, "Where's RYM-3?" Everyone laughs, relaxes, and forgets the numbers game for awhile.

We suggest here that the numbers game be forgotten for a long while. And hopefully after the National Action it will be. It is in this spirit that the Seed publishes the two RYM articles on this page.

It is our belief that, in essence, these are not two disparate approaches to the Action. We believe that we who struggle to liberate our minds and our bodies from all repressive influences are one in that task. And we all know that we should be one in that task in fact as well as in profound theory.

To be truly revolutionary we must guard against being anti-evolutionary. We must guard against believing that there is a difference between RYM-1's "All Power To The People - Long Live The Victory Of The People's War" and RYM-2's "U.S. Get Out Of Vietnam Now - Build The Unity Of Our Struggle With The Struggle Of The Vietnamese. We must not allow ourselves to be divided and fragmented and conquered. We must live our lives kindly, proudly, and strongly - standing up together to the brothers and sisters among us who sit in governmental and financial offices and who still hold on to medieval anti-evolutionary concepts of "property" and "nation" and "race" and "work" and "education" and "wealth" and "war" and "male-supremacy" and "exploitation" that there is a fuller, more joyful, and more humane existence to be shared.

Let's cast out the parochial insanities so deeply bred within us. Let us come together and shout on the streets to all, "Join Us!" Let's get together Now, October 8 to 11, as eight men stand trial for teaching truth in the streets.

Marshall Rosenthal

rym 1

BRINGING IT ALL BACK HOME

Temporary Like Achilles

We are coming back to Chicago. In a sense, we never left. For what happened last year still lingers in that part of us that changed because of what went down there; and what we learned there is a part of what we are about now.

This year a whole lot of things are clearer. It is clear now that what we are up against is not just isolated instances of injustice or jive elections but a vast system—a system that totally exploits ninety percent of its people and brutalizes that part of the people which is black or brown or poor. That what happens in Vietnam is not just happening in some "crazy Asian war," but is happening here too. That repression in America is coordinated and deals collectively with all forms of dissent (including, sometimes, long hair). That it works to keep people separated and isolated from one another, so that they'll stay weak and fragmented. This year we are not coming to Chicago to protest. We are coming here to make a difference, to build toward a solution.

What we are about and what we must be about is smashing all false barriers that the few have erected to contain the many. Last year a whole lot of us were hung up in our own thing. If we were into a street scene we rapped about the pigs or the latest price on lids. If we were into college the rap was on stuff like which courses were groovy and which were fucked up; or maybe it was about racism or "campus disorders".

A few days ago I rapped with a whole bunch of high school kids who wanted to get into putting out a paper in their school. The kids were from all kinds of backgrounds and all kinds of schools. Yet one common thread ran thru their raps: isolation.

They were seniors. Did they approach the freshmen about starting a paper? No. They were white. Did they approach the blacks in their school? No. We have to stop this kind of shit (it plays into the man's hand) and start relating to one another as brothers and sisters engaged in a common struggle.

Because it is clear by now that the only way we are going to change this pig system is by building a revolutionary youth movement, a fighting force capable of dealing with the pigs, a force that thru its struggles in the streets and factories and campuses of America ties in concretely with the struggles of the Vietnamese, the blacks in this country, and all third world peoples to liberate themselves from the tyranny of a system run amuck—the system of U.S. imperialism. When The Ship Comes In

It is this need, the need of the mother country radical movement to become a revolutionary force opening a second front, that the National Action addresses itself to. And this is what it looks like:

The Action opens Wednesday night with a rally in Lincoln Park for Che Guevara who was murdered 2 years ago on this date by the CIA; and Nguyen Van Troi, a Vietnamese hero murdered in 1964 for attempting to kill MacNamara. The rally is for Che and Troi and all revolutionaries who have died in the struggle.

On Thursday, October 9, there is going to be a "jailbreak". People on the Action will be going to the high schools to talk about the war, about why the Vietnamese are winning and what we can do to aid them in their struggle. We are calling it a "jailbreak" because the schools are jails. The principle is really the warden and the teachers are guards. Somehow, sitting in a classroom in America one has the feeling that life itself is shut out behind the windows. We hope that day to open the windows to motion and meaning.

That same night we're holding a rock festival—call it a "Wargasm". We are not going to be sitting passively listening to some scab group living off and playing off someone else's thing. Something we can all plug into, a gathering of people come to celebrate themselves and each other.

Right on to Friday. On Friday there will be a march on the courts and separate women's action. The heroic struggle of the Vietnamese women has pointed the way for Womens Liberation at home—not in a bullshit way, like those women who threw their bras into the Chicago River, but in a real way, in a context of struggle and of exemplary leaderships in various actions.

And then there's the Conspiracy trial. Eight men, including Bobby Seale, are being tried on charges to commit conspiracy. Anyone crossing





state lines to conspire to commit riot is guilty of conspiracy. And the courts "legalize" it all. Make it look right and proper. What's happening is that all political leaders are being ripped off. You can jail a revolutionary, but you CAN'T JAIL THE REVOLUTION!!!

Saturday we come to the big march. Let's call it the Long March. We don't know where it will begin and we don't know where it will end. Permits are being sought, but if obtained they are not a guarantee of either the nature of the march or (knowing the Chicago pigs) one's safety.

That is why it is essential that people coming to the action come in an affinity group, rather than individually. Not just for reasons of self-defense (though that's important), but because we are responding collectively to co-ordinated repression, not individually to isolated frustration. Some of the story was told a year ago in this city; this year the story is going to be told a little differently. This year we are going to be prepared.

ALL POWER TO THE PEOPLE

LONG LIVE THE VICTORY OF THE
PEOPLES WAR

rym 2

We are going to build for a week of demonstrations leading up to a massive march on October 11. The theme is simple and clear: Serve the People — Get Out Of Vietnam Now! Only carefully laid plans will enable us to win the confidence of the people, expose in a thousand ways the enemy, and deal him a serious defeat. Communications will be maintained throughout the week by a wallpaper and through the movement centers. Here are the outlines of our assault:

Wednesday: Wednesday the work of holding street rallies throughout working class communities, leafleting at plant gates, etc. will be continuing from earlier in the week. Our job is to get out among the people and explain why we are here, to explain that the US must and can be made to get out of Vietnam, and that the anti-imperialist movement serves the people. There

will be small demonstrations — disciplined — at draft boards, tax offices and in support of welfare mothers, the Black Panther Party Breakfast for Children Program and the Young Lords Organization Day Care Center. These smaller actions and rallies will continue on through the week. That is why we need people to come to Chicago who want to live and work among the people, who want to act in a disciplined way, and who don't want anything else but revolution, revolution and more revolution!

Thursday: There will be a high school and junior college boycott in the morning and a march on the Board of Education. We want to bring it home to the people that the youth of this country reject the jail-like education which teaches us to oppress the people and not to serve them. We don't want schools that through the tracking system and the stupid discipline and live ideology prepare cannon-fodder for Vietnam. We want them closed down on Thursday!

Thursday: In the afternoon there will be a major rally around the International Harvester Plant. We are rallying there to show that the anti-imperialist movement believes that the struggle of the working people in this country must be linked with the struggle of the Vietnamese people if it is to be successful. The world is always watching Chicago because it is a fascist city and we want working people of the world black, white and brown — to hear us when we say that the anti-imperialist movement must be a movement of working people.

Friday: The main action on this day will be a major hospital action focusing on the oppression of women under imperialism. Most hospital workers are women and most of those are proletarian women of the "third world". We must expose the white supremacist and male supremacist regimes that run the hospitals. We must oppose the imperialist urban expansion that destroys working people's communities surrounding hospitals. We must expose the genocidal sterilization practices of these butcher shops and put a stop to them. This action will focus on a hospital with brutal anti-people, anti-women, anti-third world practices as well as on organizations and their offices that carry through these politics. We want to unite the community with the work force with the patients with the peoples

struggling against the war. Finally, the action will involve a march to the Black Panther Party People's Health Clinic to show the difference between the reactionary butcher shops and the revolutionary institutions which serve the people.

Saturday: Saturday afternoon at 2:00 will start the main march, probably deep in the oppressed communities on the north side. The theme of this march will include all the slogans of the week, and put forth the main slogan of the year of solidarity with the Vietnamese people: U.S. Get Out Of Vietnam Now! Going through the oppressed working class communities we will be confronting the pigs which do daily murder and brutality there, supporting revolutionary institutions like the Young Lords Day Care Center, and uniting black, Latin and white peoples against this racist, imperialist war. This symbol of the power and strength that will send US Imperialism to its grave and free the people of the whole world.

Throughout the week there will be workshops in the movement centers, some led by proletarian organizations like the Panthers, the Young Lords and others — on the problems that we face in building our movement. The movement centers will be the place from which actions are coordinated, housing is provided for people, legal and medical aid can be obtained.

We've got to run a tight ship, brothers and sister. Chicago is nothing but a fascist camp for anyone who takes on the struggles of the mass of people; Thousands of youths will be in the streets, in the parks and everywhere throughout the week. We've got to be out among the people. We've got to be disciplined in our attempt to reach out to the great mass of people and show that the struggles of the people in this country are bound to the struggles of the courageous and victorious people of Vietnam. If we have the courage to take the anti-imperialist movement to the people then, with the people, the anti-imperialist struggle can win.

U.S. GET OUT OF VIETNAM NOW
BUILD THE UNITY OF OUR STRUGGLE
WITH THE STRUGGLE OF THE
VIETNAMESE!



This is about the Bauhaus show at IIT

bauhaus

1929



50 years bauhaus is an international design and art exhibition of more than 25,000 artifacts to commemorate the establishment, under walter gropius, of the german school of art and design in 1919. the exhibition, sponsored by the federal republic of germany, traces the history of the bauhaus and shows how the teachings of the bauhaus are being perpetuated. included in the show are architectural drawings and photographs, industrial designs, paintings, sculpture, prints, pottery, woven fabrics, metalwork, posters, and various examples of typography. Among the designers and artists featured are the painters paul klee and wassily kandinsky, architects and furniture designers walter gropius, marcel breuer and ludwig mies van der rohe, sculptor laszlo moholy-nagy, theater designer oskar schlemmer, and graphic designer herbert bayer. the exhibition was organized according to subject matter with the purpose of showing the bauhaus' totality, which indicates its enormous impact upon modern architecture, industrial design, theater design, painting, sculpture and graphics.

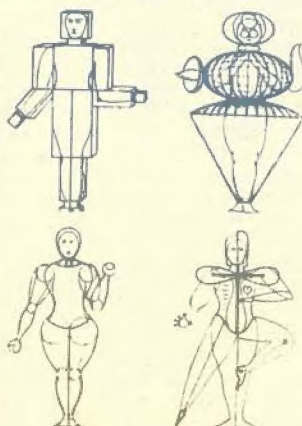


beside the fact that we are living with bauhaus architecture and art, the bauhaus is of interest because the concepts which motivated it and the ways those concepts were actually



top: from left to right
albers, schepers, muche, moholy-nagy, bayer,
schmidt, gropius, breuer, kandinsky, klee,
feininger, stölzl, schlemmer
on the balcony of the bauhaus building, 1928

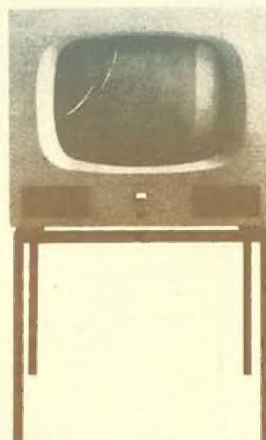
practiced are still applicable. the bauhaus was organized for the purpose of teaching artists how to apply art to reality. gropius wanted "to rouse the creative artist from his other-worldliness, to reintegrate him into the workaday world of the realities, to broaden and humanize the rigid, almost exclusively material mind of the businessman." his conception of basic unity of all design in relation to life totally opposed "art for art's sake", and the much more dangerous philosophy it came from, business as an end in itself.



he saw that man

today is left too much to traditional, specialized training which gives him only specialized knowledge, does not make clear to him the meaning and purpose of his work nor his relationship to the world. because he was concerned with the view of life in which the satisfaction of emotional requirements is just as important as that of the material ones, gropius felt that it was of primary importance to create a society situation which would allow both to happen. finding the solution to this problem began with questioning the difference between handicrafts and machine work. due less to the different nature of the tools in each, than to the fact that the product of each handicraft is controlled solely by the workman, but the products of industry are the result of the efforts of many and not one individual in the many is allowed

to feel that his effort is significant. the only remedy is a completely changed attitude toward work. the fact must be kept in mind that personal effort, while it can have a sense of power and importance, has its place in the goal of leading the whole of humanity to greater total efficiency. the important thing is to understand technology as the servant of man, not the other way around. so to maintain the individuality of the artist in an industrial situation, the bauhaus preached the "common citizenship of all forms of creative work, and their logical interdependence." the guiding principle was that design is neither an intellectual nor a material affair, but an integral part of life, necessary for everyone in a civilized society. the school was organized with this in mind. the object was to destroy the distinction between craftsman and artist. the focus was the training of people possessing artistic talents as designers in industry and handicrafts, as sculptors, painters, and architects.

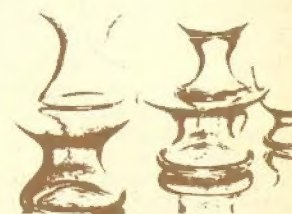


teamwork, with

each person contributing his own part to the whole. basic training, familiarizing the artist with all aspects of the production, was meant to ripen intelligence, feelings and ideas. the end was to evolve a "complete being" by providing him with a framework to which he could relate any situation with which he came in contact.



the organization of the educational system contributed to the dynamism of the whole. students and teachers worked together on common problems. the master was regarded as a student who had progressed further. his chief role was that of consultant for instruction and assistance, and his teaching was presented and received as primarily the result of his own experience.



his own work

besides instructing the students, was recognized by specifically allotting time and space for it to be carried on. this is how they maintained the quality of the instructors.

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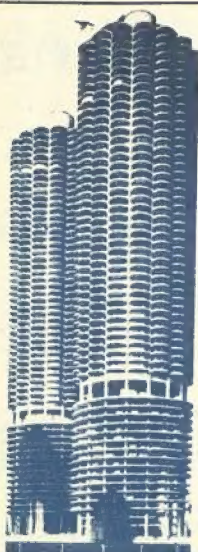


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the students as well as the

instructors were given a free voice in the administration of the bauhaus and in the criticism of the work which left it. the school was a communal living situation which took into account not only the immediate community, but the community of man in all its aspects. gropius believed that "life was to flow freely through it. it was to be intimately related to time and its problems and not become the victim of formalism." the show was a comprehensive one, representing all the phases of production of the bauhaus and was worth seeing.

*(i.e. bullshit.)

THERE IS ALSO A BEAUTIFUL SHOW AT THE ART INSTITUTE OF CHICAGO. IT'S AT THE BACK OF THE SECOND FLOOR IN A DARK ROOM. THERE ARE TWO LIGHT COLOR PAINTINGS THAT WILL FLIP YOU OUT, ALSO SOME WILD SCULPTURE. GO SEE IT!



Emile de Antonio's



Emile de Antonio, one time longshoreman, editor, professor, and professional intellectual. Now a filmmaker. In him is combined the emotion of anger and the strength of creativity. From him have come three motion pictures worthy of much mention: "Rush to Judgement," "Point of Order," and currently, "In the Year of the Pig." In rapping with him, I clumsily fished for words to describe his most recent film. After running through my thoughts, I gave up with "...its really good."

The film, now being shown at the Three Penny Cinema, 2424 North Lincoln Avenue, should be seen by anyone lost in the realms of words available on the subject of Vietnam. It is a must for those (of us) who have given up trying to follow a maze of words having their base in rhetoric and their end in confusion.

From the days of the French defeat in Vietnam and into the time of our involvement, de Antonio's film stands as a well researched historical document. Brilliantly edited and without the least concern for the myth of objectivity, the film catches such superstars as Lyndon J., and C. LeMay and a host of others in their own lies and in the big lie of what goes down for us as Americans.

The film is a composite of stolen footage from the military, news films that never received screening between shows at your local theatre and on TV News, and de Antonio's eye for bringing images together. Prior to production, he spent eight to ten hours a day, seven days a week, reading the history of Vietnam and Eastern culture as far back as the Han Dynasty, up to the earliest colonial days, and through the point of our involvement.

Miles of film and sound passed before him from sources as obscure as the archives of the French Army, and East German and Czech film and TV collections.

De Antonio's emotions, more than an outlined purpose, brought forth the film. From his understanding of Marxism and affinity for the Oriental genuineness which moves the Vietnamese people, de Antonio captures the spiritual element underlying Vietnamese nationalism. In historical perspective, he conveys this feeling of love and makes understandable the intangible "why" of the late Ho Chi Minh's leadership.

From a 1962 interview with the Prime Minister of North Vietnam, Tham Van Dong, a comment

stands out as being a prophesy of later U.S. foreign policy. Tham Van Dong, talking about Diem, then Prime Minister of South Vietnam, said, "Poor Diem. Poor Diem. He is unpopular. And because he is unpopular the Americans must give him aid. And because the Americans give him aid he becomes less popular. Because he becomes less popular, the Americans must give him more aid..." the interviewer interrupted and said, "this sounds like a vicious circle." Tham Van Dong's reply was, "No, it's a downward spiral."

"A downward spiral." And around the world the colossus of America is being brought down.

De Antonio doesn't know what the film can do. he believes that our government needs pressure brought on it and "In the Year of the Pig" is his personal push.

The film, in addition to being a statement against our involvement in war, throws our most noted "statesmen" up against their own wall of rhetoric and hypocrisy. The late honored Senator Dirksen is in full bloom, running off at the mouth...

"...the Vietnamese situation, as I've noted on my visit back home last week... has taken on some real spirit and some real interest. And I thought perhaps a statement by the joint Senate-House Republican leadership, would be timely and quite in order at this moment."

And Hubert displays the double-talk logic of politics which he babbles...

"...I'll wind this up in a hurry. I know many people have said, 'Look, we've killed innocent people. Our bombs have killed civilians, and babies and mothers.' And I suppose there is truth to that; there have been people that have been -- [sympathetic sigh] -- killed. -- [pause & continue with vigor] -- But your government has not bombed civilians. Your government has not bombed open cities. Your government has sent it's bombers in after targets, military targets, that had been placed in an area surrounded by civilians."

One sequence from the film will remain in the minds of those who see "In the Year of the Pig" long after the film as a whole has melted into an undefined memory. Colonel George S. Patton III, somewhere in Vietnam describes a memorial service for four men killed in action. He tries to capture in words the emotion of the service and ends his statement with a prophesy of their potential;

"...but they're still a bloody good bunch of killers."

rick

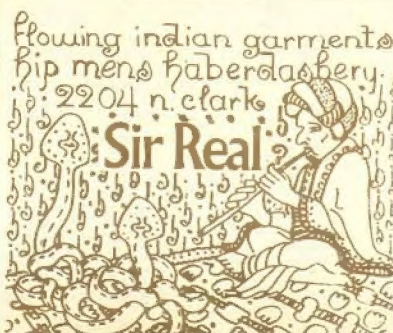
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A Night



A NIGHT AT THE OPERA

New York City — The Hotel Diplomat is on forty-fourth street, just off Times Square. Two years ago, a freak band called the Group Image used to rent the ballroom and toss smoke bombs and chickens from the balcony while hundreds of hippies gamboled madly on the floor below and a hopelessly outnumbered trio of narcotics agents tried to figure out who was doing what drug. It's different now, heavier. The crowd is sparser. Instead of beads, bells, and whistle rings, it's revolutionary-issue sunglasses and POWER TO THE PEOPLE sweat-shirts. Instead of stoned grooving, it's a Movement Mixer, with people embracing people who they haven't seen since the last rally. There's no music, and the sharp report of slapped hands stands in for the sharper report of gunfire.

The occasion is a rally for the Panther 21, members of the New York State Black Panther Party who were indicted on April 2nd for allegedly plotting to blow up places ranging from Midtown department stores to the Botanical Gardens. Things go as usual — we arrive on time, get frisked, and spend a half-hour in silent prayer that Newsreel will show some new films and that the speakers will say or do something to turn on our jaded revolutionary cooks. We are the American Revolution. It is September, and we are in the fall of our Revolution with the cold winter wind of frozen thought at our backs.

The night begins with a recitation of some of the worst poetry ever read aloud, the kind of stuff that killed the Old Left, "social realism" that scans like lumpy

gravy. The stone cherubs etched into the balcony by some contemporary of Lenin turn their faces to the wall as crude propaganda follows bad verse. Meter and rhyme and alliteration are so awkward that content becomes less important than entertainment value or the lack of it. America sneaks past the guard at the door and turns the meeting into a "rate the radical" session. "Off the Pig," a film showing how the Panthers got started, a film full of strong statements by Huey Newton, Bobby Seale and Eldridge Cleaver, a powerful movie calling for struggle against the oppressor — "three stars; I like the beat." "American Revolution II," a newer picture showing how Bob Lee, field secretary of the Illinois Black Panthers and tonight's featured speaker, met with members of the Young Patriots in Uptown Chicago and politicized what had been a directionless street gang, a documentary of racism being overcome by collective action — "effective but over-long." A revolutionary poem by slain Panther Alprentice "Bunchy" Carter, a poem containing the kernel of the black struggle, a poem that leads the Panther who reads it to make statements about the cultural nationalist organization called US (three members of which were indicted for the murder of Carter and another Panther this past September 10th) that explain the pat-down at the door — "far out and right on; one, two, many stars."

Speakers become actors against their will. Juan of the Young Lords talks about how the heritage of Puerto Rico is hidden from the 700,000 islanders who live in New York, and documents the Young Lords' involvement in garbage removal strikes and welfare demonstrations and drives for a Day Care Center and attempts to secure a hospital responsible to the ghetto. He is called "articulate." Bob Lee coaxes the assembled 200 or so radicals into chanting "I am a revolutionary," and then challenges them to understand that living up to these words may mean sharing the fate of 31 Panthers slain across the nation since the 18th of January. He is labelled "uptight." Preacher Man and Craig of the Young Patriots challenge whites to work among their own. Their slow speech and Confederate decorations make them "picturesque."

A gap appears between the podium and the chairs, a gap that rhetoric and theatrical devices like putting the mike aside in favor of "the personal approach" fail to bridge. Because the speakers say little that their politically-aware listeners do not know, and because at least half of the radicals in the room are not black, brown or hillbilly, what is said becomes submerged in in how it is said. Listening to Preacher Man's drawl or watching Panther security case the balcony become more popular sideshows than the main event at center stage for everyone who is not a "brother" or a "sister" as much as part of an "audience" alienated from its vanguard. Slogans become unexciting when they belong to somebody else.

Two ill-timed remarks confirm the gap. Preacher Man attacks "Sissies For A Democratic Society" and "Lois Lane Women's Liberation" for not being action-oriented. His accent, rebel hat, and other mountain-man mannerisms combine with his remarks to make him an unpopular guy in a city where theoretical politics are

at the Opera



rampant and "Bronx" is the word most often heard after "South." Bob Lee puts down acid, failing to differentiate between drugs that enslave people in the ghetto and those that liberate kids throughout America. The cultural radicals feel that he doesn't understand what they are about.

Here are men whose lives revolve around struggle. They have come to talk about the work of their organizations and how each relates to the reality of a Rainbow Coalition. They raise little money. Nobody new shows up to be turned on to the Revolution. Seventeen unsuccessful bail hearings later, the Panthers are still being held on \$100,000 bail each. There are nearly as many ideas on how the revolution will happen as there are ideologists scattered around the room. Not all of the response from the floor is applause. Even the vanguards can't reach a consensus on the year's most important national action (the Young Lords support the SDS plan for Chicago which the Young Patriots oppose).

The rally comes to a close. As everyone hits the streets and heads off in a hundred different directions, someone turns on a radio. A song blares out of the lobby and down the street in hot pursuit of the ever-shrinking mass of radicals. "Talk About Your Revolution."

Abe Peck

fourheads

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SPACE MUSIC of Sun Ra

POINTS OF THE SPACE AGE

This is the music of greater transition
To the invisible irresistible space age
The music of the past will be just as tiny in the world of
the future
As earth itself is in the vast reach of outer space
Outer space is big and real and compelling
And the music which represents it must be likewise
The music of the future is already developed
But the minds of the people of earth must be prepared to
accept it
The isolated earth age is finished
And all the music which represents only the past
Is for museums of the past and not for
The moving panorama of the outer space program.
THE SPACE AGE CANNOT BE AVOIDED'

.....Sun Ra 1955

The above poem, part of a manifesto used as the sleeve notes for the album 'Super-Sonic Sounds' on Saturn Records, by Sun Ra & his Arkestra in 1956 initiated the primary phases of a Universal Music-al Awareness which Sun Ra & his Arkestra have been investigating for years. The Arkestra, then based in Chicago, was functioning as a Unit dedicated to the complete mastery of the principles of sounds and their natural values, as a means for re-translating Sun Ra's Cosmic-Equation-poems into a more assertive and accessible medium. The immediate aim of the Music was to communicate the beauty, truths, realities and the creative nature of "a better tomorrow". Sun Ra calls these sounds Astro-Infinity Music, and the music as "the design of another kind of world, that has nothing to do with the reality of what is called today, yesterday or even earth tomorrow."

The Arkestra when performing employs multi-media devices, with the musicians suitably attired to create a representative platform from which to relate the music... enacting the reality of an Environmental Play staged as Space Age Theater.

In 1960, the Arkestra moved to New York and quickly established itself as the main band of the sub-underground, providing the energy and directions for what later became stylized forms of New Music. In fulfilling this music-social function, the Arkestra under the direction of Sun Ra, served as the training grounds for many of the 'stars' (Pharoah Sanders, Marion Brown) that emerged from the underground Jazz movement, and directly influenced John Coltrane to record 'Ascension' and his later works. The nucleus of the Arkestra under Sun Ra's guidance has continued to provide the impetus musical directions and possibilities that have helped shape the major playing styles and general musical approaches to their individual instruments. . . and in John Gilmore (tenor sax), Pat Patrick (baritone sax) and Marshall Allen (alto sax), the Arkestra has the forerunners of the sixties style. The versatility of the members of the Arkestra has helped expand the range of sounds now being incorporated into the New Music, and the Arkestra's stay in New York has been a breath of fresh air and an



infusion of a newer and more relevant life-sense and style to the music scene. . .reaching out in its influences to touch all areas of music: jazz, classical, electronic, hard rock and popular. . .and as EVO remarked "Sun Ra's group is what happens when Astrology meets technology in the 21st century."

The music of the various phases of the Arkestra has been documented on over 25 albums. The early music--'Jazz by Sun Ra', 'Super-Sonic Sounds', 'Jazz in Silhouette', 'The Futuristic Sounds of Sun Ra'-recorded in the fifties, confronts the then accepted and popular sounds, with a vigorous and revitalized concept of music... the expansiveness in the voicings and the clean, dynamic ensemble work create a fluent snappy buoyancy that is a noticeable departure from the structure and mode of jazz/bop music. Also introduced are original melodies which reflect the more readily recognizable impressionistic aspects of his music, and mark his search to go beyond conventional musical and thought patterns. These melodies and odes, the mood-tunes 'Eve', 'Space Aura', 'Love in Outer Space', were composed to "depict happiness combined with beauty in a free manner. Happiness combined with beauty in a free manner. Happiness, as well as pleasure and beauty, has many degrees of existence. My aim is to express these degrees in sounds which can be understood by the entire world. The tunes are devoid of the emotional stresses, frustrations and sociological harshness that tends to stifle the spirit and impress upon most music a dry mechanical sound. Instead, they advocate another direction towards a better and more beautiful world; with the introduction of 'new' sounds, via new media. Sun Ra's use of the organ clavichord, electric piano, celeste, zither, sun-harp, and

an assortment of percussive instruments from all over the world, some made by members of the Arkestra, to convey other areas of reference and awareness. Sun Ra positions the music of this phase as the beginning of the total extension of 'Jazz' as a more positive music, and leading up to the coded music of the Myth-Science Arkestra.

'The Heliocentric Worlds of Sun Ra-Vols. 1 and 2', 'Art Forms From Dimensions Tomorrow', 'Secrets of the Sun', 'Other Planes of There', 'The Magic City', all feature the Solar Arkestra, and in this series the music is pure, powerful, irresistible and electrifying, conveying abstract impressions of space and other planets. The effect and reception of the music is a sound journey with a sensation of being enveloped inside a speed-projection movie; set in and with/in space...complete with an outer/other imagery of moving space, space-being/s and being/ness. This quality of illusion and wonder is particularly felt on the lengthy-works-'The Magic City' and 'Sun Myth'.

The Astro-Infinity Arkestra is featured on a recent Saturn recording 'Strange Strings' as a neo-classical string-unit stretching, stroking, striking, bowing, plucking, and picking an assortment of string instruments: Chinese lutes, moor-guitars, koto, African koras, and Western bass viol, cello, mandolin, and electronic strings-radiating rays of sounds in movements that achieve an illusionary quality of overtones from horns. And drones, one usually associates with some of the Eastern instruments used, take on another quality of natural sound in an alive dimension of buzz, insect, breeze, wind, thunder, humming and human sounds.

On 'Nothing Is' (ESP Disk) a live-recording made during a tour of N.Y. State Colleges, the excitement and energy the Arkestra generates on stage is captured, and shows the theatrical quality of the intuitive display of media-voices, drums, horns, the group projects live. Of the many tone-poems by Sun Ra, 'Imagination', is a direct appeal to the listener...

'Imagination' is a magic carpet/Upon which we may soar

To distant lands and climes/And even go beyond the moon

To any planet in the sky/If we came from nowhere here

Why can't we go somewhere there?

This simple question like a jolt of 'reason' awakens the listeners' awareness and the possibility of such a trip, especially now, is not so remote...as the members of the Arkestra chant-"Second Stop is Jupiter...Jupiter...Jupiter...Jupiter...All Out For Jupiter", and take off on a series of sonic space chords.

The piano-clavichord combination is one of the many keyboard instruments Sun Ra surrounds himself with on stage. At sometime or another during a performance he takes a climatic solo during which his hands take on cyclic motions, darting from one keyboard to another and his elbows dig into the keyboards. Like all good music, there is humor in Sun Ra's, and it comes through on 'Outer Spaceways Incorporated', with the lyrics urging....

"If you find Earth boring/Just the same old, same thing,

Come on and sign up/With Outer Spaceways

CONT'D ON PAGE 22

pregnant?

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NO ARTIST IS FREE UNTIL HE'S KICKED THE MONEY HABIT WINDCATCHER/SAN FRANCISCO GOODTIMES

The laughter of a true artist rings with the message: the hell with art! meaning small "a" art, culture, art in the phrase: what makes great art great?

Art is experience (poetry=religion), experience is art. One looks at a painting and calls it art. It isn't. The art was in the making of that painting and is in the experience of seeing it (no, not seeing it but Seeing It, Seeing IT!). The actual painting is neutral canvas and oil, just that. What a deal is made over that piece of canvas. Pricetags alone betray an incapacity for experiencing. Culture itself is continuously alive, always present. The bones of the past is culture, housed in crematory museums where DO NOT TOUCH is redundantly hung on something already out of touch.

Art (in works of art) is latent experience waiting to be reborn in any sentient person who can cut through the culture surrounding it. Art itself never dies. Culture-minded musicians play Bach as if they were rescuing his music from an obscure archive. They had placed his music there to begin with and take pride in restoring what was never lost. All art is contemporary, regardless of what century particular works were produced in, for art is experience, not the memory of an experience.

Artists are people, not artists. As soon as they take themselves to be artists they are lying and their work shows it. They are the people in one articulation, as revolutionaries and (true) priests are people in other articulations. And people are artists when they live fully. When artists forget they are people, which usually happens when the money comes in, they become parasites of their society. When people forget they are artists, only the smallest part of their potential is developed.

The artist's particular talent is for objectifying the human consciousness. Subjectivity is his worse enemy. We already know we are individuals. Every attempt to prove it (rather than express it, which is an unself-conscious activity) only decreases that individuality. The artist is Everyman. When he uses the word "I" he doesn't mean "me"; when he paints his own portrait he turns the canvas into a mirror of the entire race. If no one can identify with his work, he is dead.

Artists prior to the rise of the middle class always belonged to the people, either of the streets or of the courts, depending on the circumstance. Every court artist (like a Chaucer) produced a nationalistic expression to which people could identify. Not so the pawns of the middle-class salons, which lacked the virtues of the street and vices of the court. They produced bought-and-sold art, according to where monied markets lacking intelligence and taste could be found. They pointed out the achievements of the past and called them culture, which the past never did, imitated those achievements and produced culture. Before money became a major issue, culture was an academic reference to the dead

Greco-Roman world, and no one attempted to create it himself.

Another major enemy of art is prestige. If you can't experience art, you can label and manipulate the works of art (the bones of art; art itself is intangible). Prestige is cultivating a reputation, preferable if the artist is alive, but he'll settle second best on a hundred years after his death. Prestige is also the wish to become immortal—you can't become what you already are. Finally prestige is the pursuit of images, the wish to be an artist rather than be one's self. Who's an artist? Who isn't?

Work suffers from the enemy of prestige. The first example of prestige is doing marketware for a predetermined audience, and that's game. The second example is doing marketware for an audience that hasn't been born yet, and that's heavier game with much greater risk. Shakespeare and Bach were certainly appreciated by their contemporaries, who had the good fortune of not knowing they were historical figures. The third is out-and-out lying, and that's the heaviest game. A dishonest artist is obscene; he has no socially redeemable value.

Money is another enemy. No man can create for money. Actually, no man can create. An artist simply transmits, and the more clear his head and senses, the better he transmits. Money in art is relatively recent, a disease that's been accumulating since the High Renaissance and under its greatest impetus in the age of capitalism. To earn a living, let alone gain a fortune, through the exploitation of his talent is repugnant to an artist (only Dali really digs it, but it's hard to believe he could ever take money seriously, considering the price he commands). The exploitation of any talent should be repugnant to all of us, for we all are either artists or only partially developed humans. Art is its own necessity (so is tilling the soil, and that's art too), and artists no more create for money than a bird sings to please human ears. But given a society where the basic necessities are withheld until its members pay for them, the artist is compelled to direct his work toward at least surviving. All artists should be fully supported, but then, only in a society where all members are fully supported. To have withheld the basic necessities until a person produces for money is antithetical to what society should be to us and is to noncivilized people.

The last time the (civilized) West was communal was during its medieval period. A person then was more honest producing his work for the love of God (i.e. the love of work itself) than those who have ever produced it for love of money. Their work was mostly anonymous, for rarely was value set on the hands that produced. It was set on the spirit they expressed. Communal art was often the composite work of many hands. The cathedral for example required a community of craftsmen: architects, stonecutters, masons, window makers, painters,

CHICAGO SEED

carvers, cloth weavers, metal workers, etc. Illuminated manuscripts required the teamwork of a monastery and still retained a uniform level of expression. Frontiersmen in this country worked in the same manner raising houses and towns, various communal people in the Pennsylvania Dutch country still build each other's barns together and quilting parties haven't disappeared entirely.

The sum of the community far exceeds the sum of its individuals. Da Vinci's genius cannot begin to match the genius of the Book of Kells, for this is an individual rather than a corporate genius. Though his may be the widest individual expression possible, it has its inherent limitations in being bound to a single viewpoint out of a single psyche. In communal art personal idiosyncracies are weeded out as that art is transmitted through generations within the traditional frameworks. Communal art is depersonalized and removed from blindspots of personal defects in vision. It is ahistorical and timeless for being outside the flux of rapidly changing personal tastes.

From cathedral to quilts, corporate activity unites people in bringing out their fullest talents of expression and the art is the expression, not the tangible result. The rediscovery of the communal springs from the dead-ends of our Western civilization reaches in dehumanizing. Composed music has overintellectualized and is almost entirely irrelevant (Hovhanness and Takemitsky are the only reasons for not shitting the orchestra today). Popular music of the dominant society has degenerated into psychological background sound designated around principles of behaviorism. Painting never seems to exhaust the last low point that subjectivity can sink into and all ends up in the advertisement business, which is more behaviorism. Poetry is mostly academic, which no one reads because it is unreadable. The novel, which is the lowest form of literary expression, is the main staple of nonfiction reading, and who can tell the difference between fiction and nonfiction in this current world?

This utter collapse into dead-ends opens up for the emerging communal society the most incredible virgin territory. All the arts begin again. It's hard to talk specifically of the so-called fine arts when everything is understood as an art, yet the field in music, writing and visual art is for us completely open. These arts now in their crude stages are nonetheless living (culture is dead) and because they are living they have the power to affect our lives and our lives have the power to affect them.

The communal society will do well to return to anonymity, as far as possible in the current scene, given the rapacity of the news media for uncovering and ruining. Reputations so hard to win in the world of markets are not worth having. They are the laurels of a competitive field. Communal art excludes competition by teaming together the potential contenders. Reputation in the other society is bestowed on people who are owned by vested interests. Contracts bind, copyrights limit the free interchange of expression in favor of business, and in music many of our (former?) people now find themselves

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A PATHOLOGIST'S REPORT AS FICTION

reviews

THE SCIENCE FICTION NOVEL AS A PATHOLOGIST'S REPORT

The Dance of Genghis Cohn, by Romain Gary
Signet Books, \$0.95

Reviewed by Abe Peck

My six-year-old nephew is in the other room watching "Hogan's Heroes", which makes culture-shock inevitable when he studies World History and learns that 1939-45 are not dates for the longest-running comedy in the annals of European theater. A calendar proclaims the dawn of the year 5730, and I have just finished a book about a comedian and Jews and Nazis which transcends itself and becomes a book about all of us.

Genghis Cohn, the main character of *The Dance of Genghis Cohn*, is a vaudevillian who was machine-gunned at Auschwitz. He takes up residence inside the mind of Hans Helmut Schatz when the commander of the firing squad makes the mistake of checking the records to learn more about the clown whose final act of cheek was to bend over and bare his ass. Cohn makes Schatz's waking hours an exercise in reparations.

Awesome as they are, memories of genocide are but the prologue for the psychodrama that takes place in the Forest-of-Geist-subconscious of author Romain Gary, mirroring the Rolling Stones' view that cops and criminals are two sides of the same coin, binds Nazi and Jew with the glue of history and pairs Death and the lady Humanity as consort and courtesan à la Freud.

These unlikely alliances allow Gary to grind enough philosophical axes to outfit the army of barbarians that he sees mankind to be. Basing the brotherhood of man on lust for the whore named Power means that the Jew must be hated for his refusal to accept an equal-opportunity swastika and perform the acts of savagery that have characterized western "civilization." German butchery is but another attempt to rip off the mask of hawk-nosed kikery and make the Jew join his fellow in the gang-bang that has shaped the evolution of this era.

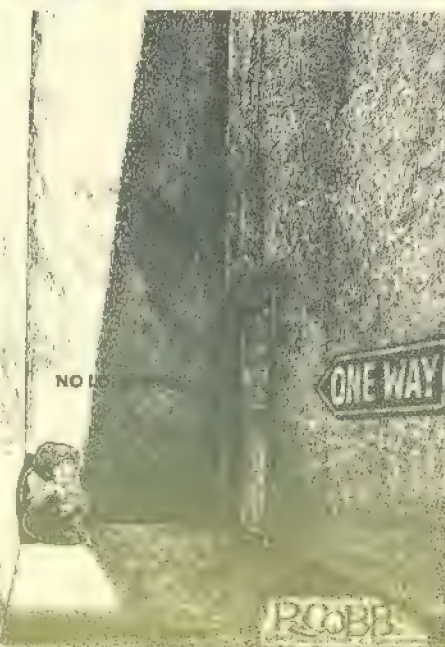
Gary has no heroes, and, in the last analysis, the Jew is nothing but a man. Cohn wears his Star of David to Vietnam, where his prayers are not for God or mercy but for Schatz to happen along with some helpful hints on extermination techniques. Cohn knows and resists what he has become, but he cannot avoid floating downstream as just another sperm in the collective semen of humanity.

Looking through Gary's eyes transforms the last 2000 years into a period when the ante has been upped from one man on a cross to 30,000,000 in a war and the future into a rigged game with mankind prepared to put all its chips on the table while holding a bust hand.

Gary reviles the Nazis, but his hatred is for all who try to achieve ultimate-satisfaction over the dead bodies of their fellows, be they Gestapo or Pentagon generals or the black soldier who marches through the book to take his rightful place on murderer's row. Gary's hatred is for both the oppressor and for those who use the oppressor's methods, and his pity is for everyone who can do no more than scream out at the lunacy. He would loathe the New York City teacher's union for dragging the memory of the Six Million across the city as much as he would oppose the kids who firebombed a synagogue in Brooklyn while this review was being written, and he would pity the dead children of Vietnam as well as the alienated children of America.

Gary has written far more than another "Jewish novel". His work is closer to that of Kafka and Dostoevsky than to the books of Roth and Bellow. It is a book of despair and macabre humor. His central thesis — that all men are idiotic slaves to their drives — is certainly correct if you accept his perspective. But where does that leave you when you stop reading and quit your house to deal with the world? Gary has posed an impossible polarity: either fuck the whore for all she is worth or be subject to Death's critique of Cohn-Christ: —

"Never mind him — nobody does. He's never



been in anybody's way. Intemperance or irrelevance, demand if you do and damned if you don't.

And Gary himself fails to bridge the gap between means and ends. He is an excellent writer, but his sardonic philosophizing is an acid trip of endless paradoxes. To say that "one day the world will be created and only then the word BROTHERHOOD will mean something other than an offer of partnership in guilt and shame" is just and noble, but to deny the efficacy of every mode of building that world is to reduce a vital problem to the level of an intellectual game. To believe that we must either effect a fundamental change in the way men relate to each other and to power or collectively goose-step into the crematoria of history is true, but to mock every attempt to do so is absurd as bickering about the shape of a negotiating table while men spill each other's blood.

Secular men have tried to deal with this dilemma. Woodrow Wilson spoke of "the war to end all wars," and those who went off to aid the Republicans during the Spanish Civil War were sensitive beings who abhorred violence but picked up the gun because they understood the nature of the enemy's zeal for Power Absolute. To submerge the men of the Lincoln Brigade under the context of Death "bidding three-quarters-of-a-million for Guernica" is to cease to be a free man in favor of being a bitter, defeated determinist.

When insanity ruled the world with Nero as its regent, a man named Petronius walked the tightrope between defiance and dumb obedience. He mocked the ruler without it costing him his life, and he wrote *The Satyricon*, a work of profound disillusionment and intense comedy. Petronius walked the tightrope for several years, but eventually Nero realized that he was the subject of scorn rather than praise and ordered the death of the "judge of elegance." Petronius cheated Nero by committing suicide, but his "victory" did little to alter the course of the imperialism, exploitation and slavery of his day. In a sense Gary is the victim of his own dilemma, the "arbiter elegantiarum" of today, mocking and deriding the failures of the time without having the power to effect them. He has chosen a beautiful way of confronting the madness. We must find a way to end it.

Abraham Peck

Bug Jack Barron, by Norman Spinrad. Avon, 95c.

Time was, little ones, when the science fiction novel was a padded cell for the technologically bewildered. Coming a long way down the line, and lotsavolts shock treatments behind us, we run up on Norman Spinrad. Taking all the mysteries, heroic symbolism, cold sweat night terrors, electronic theorizing, and pubescent groping that have made "underground" life such a puddle of fearsome guppies, Spinrad ties up a fairly interesting novel.

What's more surprising is that he seems able to handle a sort of stylistic carnival of Burroughs, Joyce, Spillane, and St. John of Patmos, and still come out at the other end with his head intact. Every so often the picture-image tends to flatten out to two dimensions plus one of color or smell. Some people might tend to find this a bit jarring. Kapok. But it's all a key part of the mind-war that Spinrad sets up to force a very attentive reading pattern on you.

"And what's it all about?" I hear you whimper. It's all about YOU, jack-off. All of the wet-dream grandeur of the well haired sons of appliance salesman crystallized into a Jack Kills The Green Giant mosaic worthy of old Bosch himself.

Jack Barron, an ex-new-left activist, sells his right testicle for all the goodies and fame and a chrome-plated job as an "establishment" muckraker. Mr. Bads offers Barron and his ex-wife the supreme temptation for Barron's "soul" and the other ball. However, when our hero finds out that he's now two steps below a bicycle seat sniffer, he unlooses all the sin/sacrifice/redemption he can muster and comes out with his nose in a tulip. Very pretty.

Yet, I'm not at all sure if Spinrad knew what Barron was about. He seems about a quarter serious about the whole thing. Even so, this book should appeal to everyone from Leninists to sex-crazed preverts to Pete Seeger pacifists.

Read it. Dig it. Don't let your mother see it.

The Olde Philosopher (Stone)

awarehouse

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**first in
unisex fashion**

Alice's Restaurant She's Cloud—

Alice's Restaurant was a center for many people in Chicago's Lincoln Park community. Many others had no need for Alice's or could not find their home there. For those who did find it a focal point, it symbolized a kind of liberated zone within a city of increasing repression. The kernels of a racially equal and personally free society existed in Alice's. Southern whites felt at home there as Young Lords and suburban runaways. The city and the landlords of the area wanted to see us closed because because of this. Racism is needed for those in power to remain in power.

Never a business venture, Alice's was sustained by those who wanted to see it remain in existence. Sadly, Alice's did not come close to realizing its potential. Lack of money kept Alice's in a state of constant survival. Improvements in facilities could not be made, except those done freely by the many beautiful people of Lincoln Park. There was no magic benefactor to keep Alice's in the black, only the people who passed through the front door, some with money, most without. The philosophy at Alice's was that if any money, over and above that needed to operate the coffee house, was made it would be given away to community organizations. That opportunity never arose.

Alice's is closing because the permanent staff (Diane, Ray, Steve, and many close friends) no longer feels the community is willing to cooperate in seeing Alice's realize its potential. The eviction by Barone Realty could have been fought to the end, and the people at Alice's were willing to go to jail for something they thought was really needed and supported by the people of the community. They no longer feel that way. Consistently, people have been needed to support servicemen

What happened to me on my Chicago Vacation

Well, I'm paranoid about cops. And about dope. Especially about cops and dope. Years now, I've been crazy with this film-strip in my head of me being carted off to the eternal depths, surrounded by leering jowly policeman, trussed like a doomed chicken, never to reappear.

For years, my head throws fast downshifts when I carry dope around the street. Time wasted executing practice throws, joint-to-mouth, in grim anticipation. Not too grim, but not without a certain air of inevitability. And when faith in the inescapable search begins to wane; self-accusations of persecution complexes and pre-natal insecurity arise.

But never again will my fervor wane. Never again will the pangs of self-doubt cloud my untroubled visage. I've had my search! Yesirree, I got harrassed. There they were, right th the car door, shining the ceremonial flashlight, opening the door for me like I was a real criminal.

programs, deal with runaways, operate crash-pads and concern themselves with myriad programs needed to create a viable and visable alternative community in Chicago. The people at Alice's were just too overwhelmed with work to be able to deal effectively with community problems. There also was a make or break benefit at the Three Penny Cinema and no one came. Consequently, there is no money to reopen somewhere else, let alone pay off present bills.

A revolutionary consciousness is rapidly growing in this country. However, it appears that the majority of Chicagoans are still willing to support Aaron Russo, the Seminary Restaurant and the other institutions that con-

This boss cop didn't waste no time, stuck his head right into the car like he was jumping into a whale's maw. Looked out with a big happy grin and said in this flat, twangy leer, "Is your car clean?" Like "clean" was some new word he'd just learned. "Yup," says me.

"Sure one of your friends didn't drop a roach in here?" This as he searches the contents of an old tissue-box.

"Sure," says me. But inside I sweat . . . you never know . . . The man's obviously an expert; he knows how to spot real paranoia, the kind that never quits.

A sudden flash to the film-strip and the word "plant" forms unbidden in my thoughts. I watch him poke around, and with X-Ray Time vision watch the joint slide smoothly out of his palm to the floor. I hear his snort of triumph as he holds up his newly-sown bust.

Time-vision returns to the present tense, and he's

... to p 17

tinue to fuck them over. Hopefully, it will change in the future.

Alice's may reopen some day. Then again, people may break down the four walls of their narrow departmentalized world. or the moon may turn out to be bleu cheese after all. Who knows what may happen in this world of unpredictability. Right now, there are three people who are going to be doing something else, perhaps digging the country or maybe digging in the People's Park. That, too, is anyone's guess.

Finally, a word of gratitude and love to all those who helped create something beautiful amidst a pile of windy and wet rubbish.

Ray Townley, for Alice's

28 Concerned Record Artists Join In Creating A Revolutionary New Album.



The Jimi Hendrix Experience The Mothers Of Invention Van Dyke Parks Jethro Tull Neil Young The Kinks The Everly Brothers Jon Marshall Fats Domino The Fugs The Grateful Dead The Pentangle

Peter, Paul & Mary, Theodore Bikel, Randy Newman, Bert Jansch, John Renbourn, Sweetwater, Doug Kershaw, Pearls Before Swine, and more — have joined in a unique album project.

They have put together an extraordinary double stereo album called



THE 1969 WARNER/REPRISE
RECORD SHOW

Two records. Four sides. The very best of what these artists are currently

and will be offering on Warner/Reprise. Under normal conditions, this two-album set would sell for \$9.95.

But the artists in our Record Show are not normal artists. They want their new recordings heard. Widely. And to get that done, they are willing to give up all their royalties on this album (just as long as Warner/Reprise doesn't make anything either.)

So here's the deal: The 1969 Warner/Reprise Record Show will only be sold by mail (no middle man). Warner/Reprise tosses in deluxe packaging. And you, the record buyer (who we fervently hope will be encouraged to pick up more of what you hear at regular retail prices) can get a copy of Record Show for the below-cost price of

TWO BUCKS

Actually, this is a promotion in which everybody wins. You get an extensive taste of new Hendrix, new Pentangle, new Jethro Tull, new Van Dyke Parks, new Randy Newman, etc. The artists on

Record Show, and subsequently Warner/Reprise, win some new friends.

Each copy of Record Show has bound into it a few pages of pictures and background about the artists on the album. This way you'll learn the story behind such nitties as

- JONI MITCHELL'S Carnegie Hall debut (and hear some of it on Record Show).
- VAN DYKE PARKS' extraordinary Moog synthesizer commercials for the 1970 Ice Capades (also on Record Show).
- Tracks from as-yet-unreleased albums by FRANK ZAPPA, LORRAINE ELLISON, THE KINKS. . .

We could, you realize, go on and on . . .

MONEY BACK GUARANTEE

The 28 artists in Record Show are convinced you'll find their double album more than you expected. We are, too. To try to get on your good side and, possibly, move more than two thousand albums, we hereby offer you

this (unnecessary) guarantee: If you don't find Record Show worth every penny, return the album to us within 10 days and we'll send you back your two bucks.

Via air mail

Mail to: Record Show
Room 208
Warner/Reprise Records
Burbank, Calif 91503
Send a copy of Record Show to:
I enclose \$2.

(Checks should be made payable to Warner Bros.-Seven Arts Records.)

This offer expires Aug. 1, 1970.

BEARDED PRIVATE

Army reservist David F. Mulvain of Durand, Illinois was ordered to active duty after refusing to shave off his beard, received a temporary reprieve when a federal judge ruled the reassignment "obviously punitive action." Mulvain was ordered to report for active duty July 18 but was to have been discharged July 25. In a suit, Mulvain charged that the army falsified papers to show he was absent from meetings which he attended, and with concealing his appeals after he was ordered to active duty. The presiding judge, Hubert L. Will, in entering a preliminary injunction restraining the army from putting Mulvain on active duty, said "If the proof shows anything like the accusations in this complaint, it's going to be a sorry day in military history. Judge Will asked Assistant U.S. Attorney Howard Hoffman, "Why is all this legal tug of war necessary? They don't like his beard and he doesn't like them, so why don't they let him go?" Will has scheduled a hearing for October 20th.

UP AGAINST THE BULLDOZER

For almost 7 years Harley Budd has been up against the bulldozer in his one man fight to save the Tap Root Pub, the only edifice which has managed to survive the ravages of the urban renewal monster in its destruction of Larabee Street. Eventhough the city of Chicago has revoked his liquor license, harassed Buddy by dumping dust in the lot next door, trying to rip up the sidewalk out in front and sending in inspectors at all hours. Buddy also charges that his home above the bar was burglarized and documents important to the court fight stolen. Fires have been set behind the bar. Petitions have been circulating (13,00 signatures have been collected to date) and the Tap Root hasn't lost yet.

HEADS SAVED

For all of those who have been bitching for so long about school dress codes, a new day is here. On Sept 18 U.S. District Court Judge James B. Parsons ordered that Barrington (Ill) Consolidated High School allow David Miller and William Glasgow to return to classes after Miller had sued for reinstatement after he had been suspended for his long hair. Said the Judge, "We can't mold people who are going to run the world in the 1980's into the shapes of the 1920's. We just can't expect to make the future look like the past. It's bad education even to suggest it."

WILL THE REAL SDS

PLEASE STAND UP?

LETTER RECEIVED AT OUR OFFICE — Fayetteville (in one of the Carolinas is the best guess we can get from anyone in the office) has declared itself independent of either National Office "because we do not feel that either bureaucratic Stalinistic group represents the politics of our chapter. Both national offices represent a petty bourgeoisie constituency of SDS..."

CRASH PADS AVAILABLE

The police in London have succeeded in using force in removing a large commune of longhairs who had been living in a deserted 100 room mansion near Buckingham Palace. The hippies had vowed to use "any means necessary" to protect their lebensraum, but lost 3 to 2.

THE WAR IS OVER

The president's special assistance on consumer affairs, Virginia Kneuer, laid it out on the line for the ice cream manufacturers of the east: "What ever happened to the cherries in cherry vanilla or nuts in butter pecan?" She quoted letters her office receives which asked why some supermarkets sell ice cream at 59 cents a half gallon and others at 89 cents; why are there false bottoms in some ice cream cups, and why artificial flavoring is used when there is plenty of the real thing around. She appealed to the manufacturers to "carry on the fine tradition established by your fathers and grandfathers in the ice cream business." Maybe some legislation will help.

Roaches



ANOTHER MILESTONE?

LOGOS — About four-fifths of the people at Woodstock were smoking dope. Dr. William Abruzzi, medical director for the festival, said his staff did not treat "one single knife wound, black eye or laceration that had been inflicted by another human being." One local farmer said that if marijuana made people this gentle, it should be distributed free by the government.

THE SYSTEM

SUN TIMES — Morton Podolowsky, a 10-year veteran of the Skokie Police Force, was arrested on August 26th and charged with possession of ten grams of marijuana. Morton worked as a youth officer.

FUZZ AGAINST JUNK

NEWSPRINT SCRAP — Do not accept or open any package from overseas which has a tiny blue stamp mark on it with the words, "U.S. Customs." It has been opened for inspection. Not knowing this, one unfortunate soul opened such a package and was shortly raided by eight assorted cops and agents, and is now charged with possession of hash for sale.

HARMONY

If you are really interested in communal living, following are two consecutive steps you may take: write to The Alternative Society, a news-zine dedicated to the same and interested in organizing rural communes to the tune of many, many. Second, subscribe to the paper...

The Alternate Society
113 Queens Street
St. Catharines, Ontario

EXECUTIVE POSITIONS

Big Jim Folsom, ex-governor of Alabama, has four kids in college, others in high school, a pregnant wife, a past due mortgage and an over-drawn bank account. He recently announced that he'll run again for governor. His platform: "I need a job the worst I've ever needed one in my life."

ANOTHER RIP-OFF

The world's giant petroleum firms have bid more than \$900 million for leases on Alaska's North Slope oil fields. In one hour of sealed bidding, Alaska piled up \$100 million more than it had spent in the 10 years since it entered the Union. J. Paul Getty and H.L. Hunt, two of the world's richest, combined with three other oil interests to post the largest single bid: 2,460 acres @ \$28,233 = \$72.2 million. Six Eskimos picketed the bid opening, contending that the North Slope oil lease proceeds should belong only to members of their race since they were the first inhabitants of the area. Is that How the (north)West was Won?

HISTORICAL BLUNDER

Representative Emanuel Celler (Democrat, NY) in the big house in Washington is calling for the adoption of a constitutional amendment providing for direct election of the president. Celler said the system of having states choose electors who then choose the president had turned out to be "a historical blunder." He reminded the house that in last year's election, George Wallace openly based his bid on the hope that he could win enough electoral votes to keep either Nixon or Humphrey from winning and throw the election into the House. Of this possibility Celler says, "No one can prophesy what kind of a deal might have been made if the election had been thrown into the House. The temptation, considering the high stakes of the presidency, is very great." The latest poll of the House shows that of 368 members who have indicated their position, 248 are either for the amendment or leaning toward it and 120 are against.

"US" -vs- "THEM"

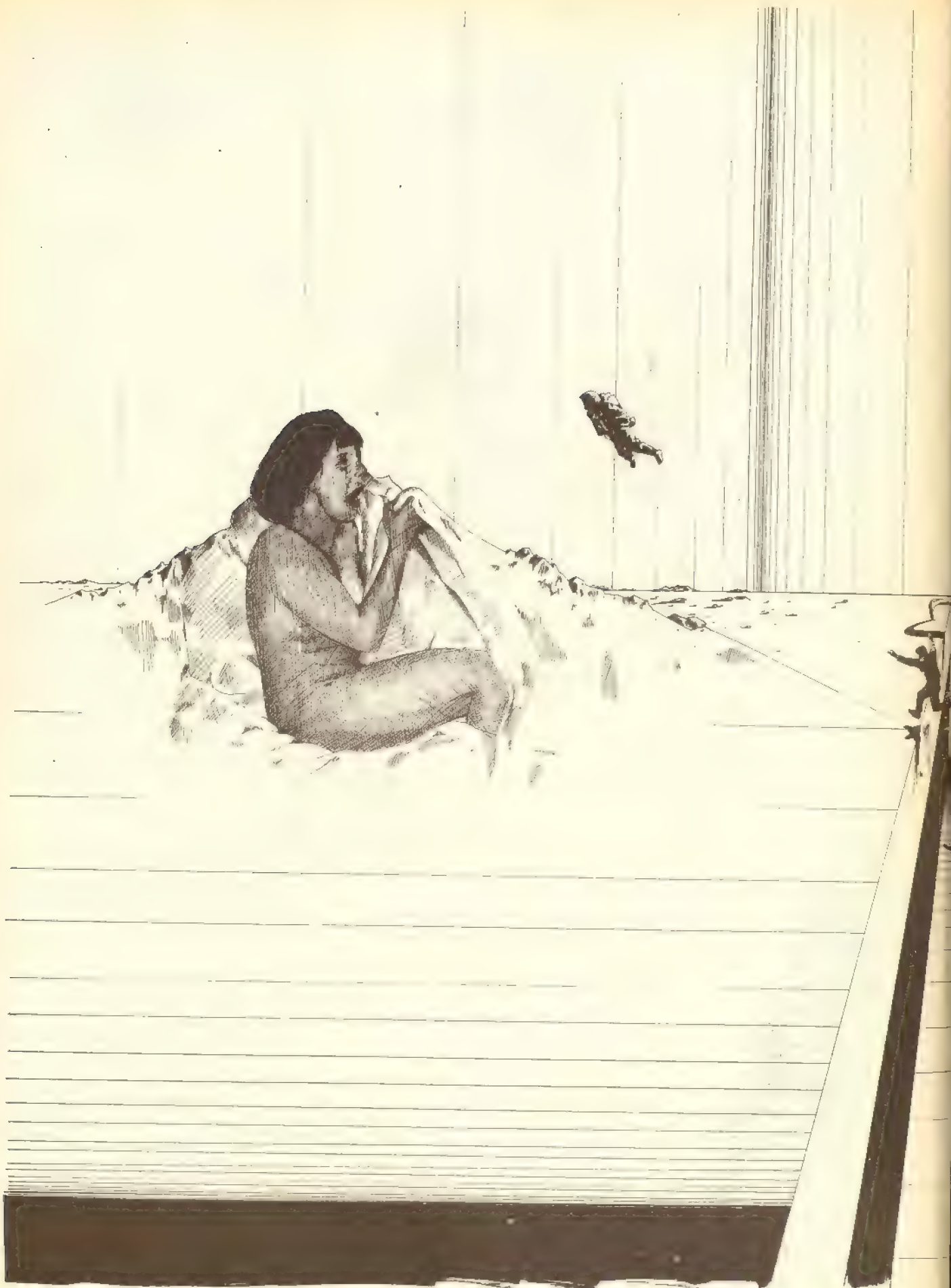
SCRAP OF PAPER AROUND OFFICE — It would be nice if all of us could reach them and eradicate the categories of "us" and "them."

PLASTERED ROACHES

A Navy skipper at sea found his boat crawling with cockroaches on three consecutive weekly inspections. Thereupon he called in the appropriate members of the crew and told them that he wished to see no more roaches. On his next inspection the skipper, in fact found no roaches. Pleased and surprised by the rapid action, he asked the exterminators how they had done it. "American ingenuity, Captain," the spokesman replied. "We mixed plaster of paris and flour and spread it around. We've been sweeping up petrified roaches all week."

MISS NUDE AMERICA

NEWS RELEASE — Dick Drost, President of Naked City and promoter for the annual Miss Nude America beauty pageant at Naked City in Roseland, Indiana, announced his support for girls and women to discard and burn their bras at a huge Thanksgiving bonfire at Naked City, on Thursday, November 27th, from 8pm until midnight. For those interested but unable to attend, send bras to Dick Drost, Naked City, Roseland, Indiana 46372. Tel 219/987-2900.





North

SEED IS PLANTED AT

Haven Bkstore 1522 Howard
Four Heads 6784 Sheridan
Haven Bkstore 5550 Broadway
Book Box 4812 Broadway
Head Hunter 2236 Devon
Modern Bkstore 3250 Broadway
Collector's Center 3038 Broadway
Airport 2983 Broadway
Haven Bookstore 2827 Broadway
Environmatics 3138 Broadway
Mike's Bkstore 2909 Broadway
Body Pharmacy 2581 Lincoln
Player's Place 2709-A Clark
Feedstore 2464 Lincoln
Head Imports 2446 Lincoln
General Store 2210 Lincoln
Drugstore 2310 Lincoln
Subway 2136 Halsted
The Guild 2136 Halsted
Newstand 2136 Halsted
Old Town Bookstore 2136 Halsted
Newstand 2136 Halsted
Volume 1 2136 Halsted
Barbara's Bkstore 1434 N Wells
Trading Post 1500 blk Wells
Can-it 1407-B N Wells
Gramophone 2633 Clark
Round Records 6469 Sheridan
Old Walls Records 651 N State
Occult Bkstore 651 N State
Garden Apt. Pharmacy 1452 N Sedgwick

AC/DC 860 N State
The Crystal Ship 1749 Morse
Cafe Perplect 3404 Halsted
A Warehouse 2837 Broadway
Midwest Stereo 1445 W Morse

West

Doc Goodall's 5961 W Lake

Northwest

The Headquarters 5249 W Irving Pk
Home 3304 Foster
Blu Note Record Shop 3352 Lincoln

Suburbs

Speeple Head Shop 1307 1/2 Chicago, Evanston
711 Grocery 4935 Oakton, Skokie
Midwest Stereo 482 Staley, Hammond Ind
Village Boutique

Little Al's Record Shops

3216 W Lawrence 3171 Lincoln
2739 Milwaukee 41 W Division
2042 E 71st 615 W Diversity
660 Vernon, Glenview

South

Book Center Harper Court
Insanity South 1463 E Hyde Park
Newstands 53rd & Lake Park
111th & Michigan
55th California (SW corner)

The Book Nook 1540 E 55th
U of C Bookstore Campus
Claiborn's Bkstore 2308 E 71st
Mod Shop 11723 S Michigan
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Loop

Connoisseur 163 N Michigan
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Newsstands State & Madison
State & Randolph

SEED IS PLANTED AT

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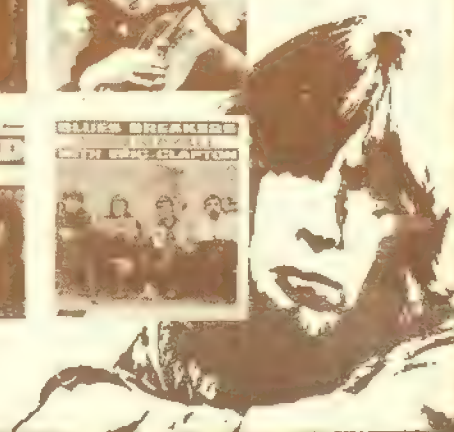
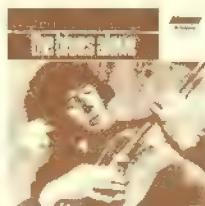
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- KEEF HARTLEY
- DICK HECKSTALL-SMITH
- JOHN McVIE
- MICK TAYLOR





A deserted farmhouse in a gutted field was pictured in a farm journal which offered a prize for the best 100 word description. An Indian took the prize with this:

Picture show white man crazy.
Cut down trees. Make big tee-pee.
Plow hill. Wash water. Wind blow soil.
Grass gone. Door gone. Window gone.
Whole place gone. Buck gone. Squidw away.
Papoose, too. Nachuck. No pigs. No plow land.
No hay. No pony. Indian no plow land.
Great spirit make grass. Keep grass. Buffalo make mocassin.
Indian make no terrace. All time eat. No hunt job.
No hitchhike. No bive damn. Indian waste no thing.
Indian no work. White man crazy.



from p. 12

still poking around...but now with my eagle eyes glued to his back. I call nearby friends over to watch the festivities, and feel his metabolism squirt upward a few points. We're ALL watching him now, on the defensive as old Mother Courage begins to flow through my veins, tables beginning to turn. Why of COURSE there's no no dope in there; I feel like a chessplayer, even in pieces captured, but beginning to gain position. His rummaging is becoming desultory, defeat vibes stream from him.

I notice his partner for the first time, an obvious green recruit, without the arrogant air of a man accustomed to absolute power. A narkling.

With a sigh and a shake of the head, I profess incomprehension at his partner's earlier glee at the possibility of adding another notch to his pistol, a little more fruit salad for his record sheet. He's nervous and looks away, confused. His partner returns, still wearing the cockiness born of years of authority; but obviously stung by his inability to make the bust; collect on his sure thing.

Crestfallen, his whole manner toned down, he begins explaining about my front license plate that's hanging by a wire. Something about a bolt. But now it's my turn at bat, Mighty Casey has struck out. I snidely suggest

that if he really thought the car might be stolen, he might well have asked to see the Registration Certificate (capital letters for Official Stuff). He's stumbling, vulnerable to the accusation of "hippy-harrasser." Officer Baby speaks up, something about concealed weapons. Boss Cop: "Yeah, we gotta protect ourselves." I'm in my element, just stoned enough. "Yeah right," I offer, "protect yourself from my hair." Obey does it feel good to win. He's flustered, back-peddaling, surrounded by amusement — if only he's locked himself out of his car. Forced smile, phony magnanimity: "Well I could give you a ticket, but"

To the annoyed slam of an unmarked car door, I saunter back to the clubhouse, to the backslapping good fellowship of my teammates. We won this round.

Eliot Wald

[A few hours later, the second round was lost. Seed staffer Al Rosenfeld, Ann Arbor Argus editor Ken Kelley, and White Panther Party minister of defense Pun Plamondon were similarly stopped for walking on the sidewalk and looking weird. All three were booked for "causing a disturbance." Pun was charged with possession of four joints. Al and Ken were released on \$25 bond, Pun was held until the next day on \$1500 bail. Round three coming up.]

17x20 Posters BY k-h meschbach

Vol. 3	No. 4	LAST CHRISTMAS (busted) CENTERFOLD
" .3	" .13	CENTERFOLD
" .4	" .3	FRONT/BACK COVER
" .4	" .3	CENTERFOLD
" .4	" .6	CENTERFOLD
" .4	" .6	FRONT COVER THIS ISSUE

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PIETER AND MARIA

Around the time of Volume 3, Number 13, of this paper, we printed a story about Pieter Clark and Maria Anagnost. These two people were married contrary to the wishes of Maria's parents, both top loop lawyers and cousins to Vice President Agnew. Pieter, being one of the "neek" and not having inherited his proper share of the earth on the Anagnost scale, was considered an unacceptable mate for Maria. The Anagnost family chose a time when Maria fell ill to literally abduct her away from Pieter. They took out an injunction as a part of a divorce suit in her name filed by them without her signature appearing on it. They had her in hospitals but removed her when the treating physicians decided that she should see her husband as part of her therapy.

On July 24, 1969, Pieter Clark won a legal victory. The Anagnost's divorce suit was dismissed. Unfortunately Maria is still being kept from Pieter; her parents continue to hold her, under guard, at their home. Maria is still not receiving adequate medical care, so here comes the killer line...

Funds are urgently needed to win: the divorce suit could have cost an estimated \$20,000, but because of generous free legal assistance this cost was minimized. Currently, a \$300 court reporter transcription bill has to be paid before a court reporter can be guaranteed at the next hearing. Money is needed for the filing of each new suit, for secretarial fees, and the expenses go on and on...

If you're interested and feel the yen to make a contribution, and equally important, if you want more information, contact "Friends of Maria", 2512 N Lincoln, Chicago, Ill 60614. People are a worthy cause and no one can ever spread himself too thin in extending relationships.

LINCOLN PARK FIRE BOMBS

Molotov Cocktails are cheap and easy to make, as any hardened revolutionary, freedom fighter, or hooligan will tell you. Gasoline, pop bottles and rags belong to the people, and can be found anywhere. Firebombs are a two-edged sword, and the sword's been cutting both ways recently in the Lincoln Park area.

The pitcher's battle commenced at 4 AM, September 14, when an unidentified party(parties) threw out the first firebomb, right through the window of the Feedstore restaurant, a longhair gathering place on Lincoln Avenue. Fortunately, the resulting fire was spotted quickly and extinguished. Damage was relatively minor: broken windows and scorched walls.

That same evening, firebombs found their way through the office windows of Aldermen McCutcheon and Singer of the Lincoln Park area. Both storefronts escaped with a singe.

We questioned both public servants about their suspicions as to the identities of the perpetrators.

Alderman McCutcheon placed the blame on the Young Lords, in apparent ignorance of the fact that the Lords were included in the barrage of vandalism, with a window-smashing, paint-throwing attack on the YLO church at Armitage and Dayton.

Alderman Singer responded that he believed that all these acts were the work of a few misguided individuals; neither of the left-wing nor the right wing.

The Seed also questioned a neighborhood hobo who he thought was doing the bombings.


"Shit", he replied.

BLACK PANTHER
MEDICAL CARE CENTER

Facts: A black child born today will live seven fewer years than a white child. The infant mortality of children in Chicago poverty areas is comparable to that of Columbia or Ecuador. There are 32.2 maternal care deaths per 100,000 live births due to complications of pregnancy and childbirth in the U.S., compared to 20.9 in Norway and 13.0 in Sweden. In the U.S., "health care" is a profit making commodity, and not a human right.

The Black Panther Party is establishing a people's Medical Care Center to satisfy the health needs of the community. The center will provide free medical care, will not utilize funds from any "official agencies," and all policy decisions will reside with the people within the community.

Technical assistance, supplies and donations can be brought to the office of the Illinois Chapter of the Black Panther Party, 2350 West Madison, 243-8276, or 638-7715.



T-SHIRT

send \$2.50 and
your size to:

T-SHIRTS
BOX 1711
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MICH. 48106

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IS LIKE
A SILKY
HYPNOTIC DREAM
... A BEAUTIFUL
EVOCATION
OF AMERICA
AS A RIBBON
OF ROAD
THROUGH
MAGIC
LANDS!"**

-Robert Hatch, THE NATION



easy rider starring **PETER FONDA DENNIS HOPPER**

JACK NICHOLSON
Written by
PETER FONDA
DENNIS HOPPER
TERRY SOUTHERN

Directed by
DENNIS HOPPER

Produced by
PETER FONDA

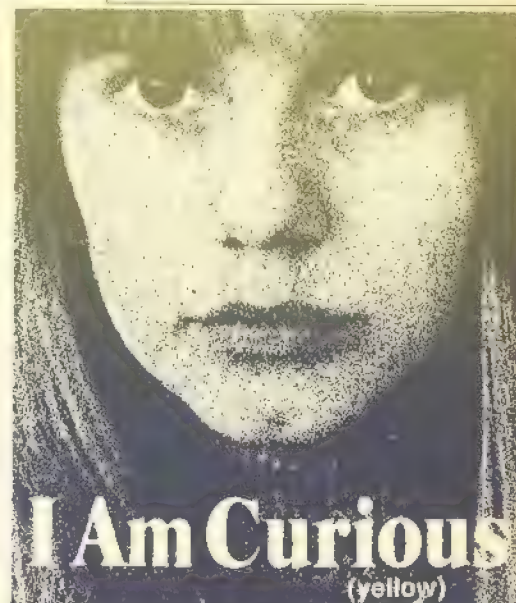
Associate Producer
WILLIAM HAYWARD

Executive Producer **BERT SCHNEIDER** - COLOR - Released by COLUMBIA PICTURES

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I Am Curious
(yellow)

Viggo Sjöman's complete and uncensored *I Am Curious (Yellow)* is a remarkable film (which) has been playing for a long time to droves of Swedes, and to several million people almost everywhere. It is the story of a young girl who is, or was, curious about politics, nonviolence, Zen, commitment, socialism, other Swedes and, to be sure, sex. It is a serious film with a noble theme, and, in dramatic terms, it is original," says Look magazine. The Evergreen Film presented by Grove Press stars Lena Nyman. A Sandrews Production. ADMISSION RESTRICTED TO ADULTS.

SHOW TIMES
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Sept. 26
Woody Allen
WHAT'S NEW
PUSSYCAT?

Sept. 27
Steve McQueen
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AFFAIR

Conspiracy

If you're totally apolitical, don't do dope, crash in the same crib every night, and don't spend much time on the streets, you probably don't need to know anything about American courts. If you qualify in one of the above categories, you've either faced the citadel of justice already or can expect to shortly. Sometimes the can be turned into a classroom for the judge, jury and spectators; more often, it's the defendant who learns what blind justice means.

The court system is among the most revered of American institutions, and for that reason, is an incredibly powerful tool in the hands of the purveyors of the status quo. Jurisprudence has managed since 1789 to separate conscience from justice to the point where it is normal for the judge to instruct the jury that they are the "weighers of fact only...and not of law". In draft refusal cases, this means that the court mechanically and cynically gives people who have made courageous moral choices two- to five-year sentences without any consideration of motivation or intent. In conspiracy cases, it means that the prosecutor need only prove to the jury's satisfaction that the defendants met together and discussed an illegal act -- even if the offense is only a misdemeanor -- for the defendants to pull five-year sentences. The Oakland Seven, for example, were charged with conspiring to walk on the grass.

Vague and discretionary laws don't frighten the ordinary citizen, who doesn't expect to be indicted for

conspiracy because he tore up a parking ticket. In times of political upheaval, however, when dealing with a government that uses its courts to ratify its political mistakes in Vietnam and its inability to cope with insurgency at home, discretionary powers of prosecution become very significant politically. On the strength of a propaganda campaign such as the one the government has urged against the Movement, the court system can become a highly legitimized and outwardly humane form of repression.

The defendants in the Chicago Conspiracy trial are being prosecuted under the Anti-Riot Act of 1968. Conspiracy is an old and commonly used political charge, but this case is the first test of the Anti-Riot laws, which are simply a duplication of Illinois' 'mob action' statute. By duplicating a state law, the federal government shows its true intent: not to forestall riots (Ramsey Clark stated that it would clearly not do that), or even to prosecute offenders, which the state law could do nicely. Its intent is to involve the federal government, through the FBI and other justice department agencies, in the control of political agitation. It's a rather blatant admission on the government's part that the issue isn't really civil disturbance but the national political issues that the Movement has attempted to raise: Vietnam, imperialism, racism and social inequality.

Attorney General Mitchell has indicated that the Anti-Riot laws will be the main weapon in the Nixon re-

gime's arsenal of repression against student dissent. All that is required for every person in a demonstration to be prosecuted under this law is for one word that implies a threat of violence to be spoken.

Technically, every person who was on the streets during last year's convention demonstrations goes on trial the 24th of September, though not everybody is as desirable a target as the indicted eight. The tactic is obviously to separate the leaders and intimidate the rest. However, Nixon is using his own top-heavy brainwashed bureaucracy as the model for the Movement. To jail the eight will neither deprive the Movement of leaders nor stifle the voice of dissent. Leadership was produced on the street last year as the need arose, as it shall be this year as tens of thousands take to the streets during the trial. Nixon has been trapped by his bullshit law-and-order ideology into a trial that will cost him heavily.

The Conspiracy's lawyers have evolved a political/legal strategy as aggressive as the action in the streets. Anybody who was in Chicago last August knows who the real criminals are; our intent is to recreate exactly what happened and why. The government has already revealed that most of its evidence will be cuts from speeches made while we were under attack in the streets and bullshit testimony by pig provocateurs like Robert Pierson, who has admitted that he threw rocks during demonstrations and fought police.

Coupled with the propaganda job the Chicago media launched Convention week, these tactics should be sufficient to trigger enough red menace paranoia reactions in the jury to blow their minds on hair, guerrilla theater, freak spectators and movies of Convention week showing freaks living in the park, marching in the streets and taking stands again and again after gas and club attacks by the pigs.

Go directly to page 22 do not pass go do not collect \$200. . .

legal rap

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Ssssh. Ten Years After

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22ND CENTURY PRESENTS

SMOKEY ROBINSON & THE MIRACLES
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MASON WILLIAMS
JENNIFER
OCTOBER 17 • 8:30 PM
ORCHESTRA HALL

BLOOD, SWEAT & TEARS
OCTOBER 26 • 7:30 PM
AUDITORIUM THEATRE

TIM HARDIN
OCTOBER 31 • 8:30 PM
ORCHESTRA HALL

JOSE FELICIANO
NOVEMBER 2 • 7:30 PM
AUDITORIUM THEATRE

GLENN YARBROUGH
NOVEMBER 21 • 8:30 PM
ORCHESTRA HALL

THREE DOG NIGHT
NOVEMBER 22 • 7:00 & 10:30 PM
AUDITORIUM THEATRE

JANIS JOPLIN
NOVEMBER 23 • 7:30 PM
AUDITORIUM THEATRE

CHICAGO (CTA)
NOVEMBER 27 • 7:30 PM
AUDITORIUM THEATRE

MOODY BLUES
NOVEMBER 30 • 7:30 PM
AUDITORIUM THEATRE

Ticket Prices: \$6.50, \$5.50, \$4.50, \$3.50
Special attention given to mail orders at
22nd Century, 79 W. Hubbard, Chicago,
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Tickets now available at Ticket Central,
Montgomery Ward, Marshall Field's and
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LISTEN TO WCFL FOR LATEST 22ND CENTURY CONCERT INFORMATION

CALENDAR* CALENDAR* CALENDAR* CALENDAR* CALENDAR* CALENDAR* CALENDAR* CALENDAR* CALENDAR* CALENDAR*

SPECIAL

The final evening of Alice's Restaurant presents continuous music & poetry 6:30 pm-3am Sat Sept 27, folk, traditional blues, country/western, rock, 2445 N Lincoln 50 cents donation please

Used Book Fair sponsored by the Third Unitarian Church 301 N Mayfield (around the corner from Doc Gandalf's) Oct 4-5, 10am-10pm Sat; 10am-noon Sunday Over 25,000 books available from 25 cents to collectors items.

Adler Planetarium FREE open 9:30-4:30 (Tues-Fri til 9:30) Public Sky Show (50 cents) for Sept is "The Mysterious Sky"

Go see the groovy new wall on the building at 247 E Ontario.

Buckingham Fountain in Grant Park - squirts water nightly and has a pretty fair light show from 9-10pm (10:30 on concert nights) Seedlings are notorious for giving out free samples in the area.

AWARE is a group of unmarried people both sides of 30 who wish to become more aware of the changes taking place in our environment, society & culture. Only limit is age 21-39 Cost \$1 Meetings are 1st & 3rd Tues of month 8:15 at Poppinjay Archery Club 5556 N Clark For info call 922-7566

The Circus is coming Oct 7 thru 19 at the International Amphitheater thickets are \$2.50 for info call 927-5580

Dearborn Observatory-public viewing every Friday weather permitting Oct 3, 10, 17, 24, 31 from 9-10:10-11 FREE but write for tickets Call 492-7651 for info.

Ecology workshop Tues at IWW Hall 2422 N Halsted 2nd floor

Reincarnation talks by Eunice and Felix Questions and discussions FREE Sheraton Hotel 505 N Michigan, Sept 22, 8pm Man in Life and Death Sept 29 8pm also Free for info call 666-1570 ask for Felix.

COMMUNITY

2pm almost every Sunday Concerned Citizens of Lincoln Park meet Call 348-6842 for more information.

Lincoln Park Twon Meeting the 3rd Weds of each month. Community Review Board (police & community relations) 4th Wed of each month Both at the Church of the Three Crosses 1900 N Sedgwick 8pm

Anyone interested in joining groups reading the names of war dead in draft offices call Joe Mulligan 226-5853

High School Strike Conference Sept 27 U of Ill lecture center 1pm Call 236-1895

Oct 8-11 Four day anti-imperialist anti-war action called by SDS-RYM Call 664-3874

Oct 15 Vietnam Moratorium led by students who were active in Kennedy-McCarthy campaigns to 'Stop Business as usual for One Day' to engage in educating the community against the war.

Po-lis Community Council of the 18th District meets on the 2nd Tues of each month at the courtroom 113 W Chicago Ave at 8pm

LENDAR* CALENDAR* CALENDAR* CALENDAR* CALENDAR* CALENDAR* CALENDAR* CALENDAR* CALENDAR* CALENDAR*

CRASH WITH JOANN AND "TOMMY"

WSDM-FM RADIO AND DECCA RECORDS PRESENTS
A TWO HOUR CONCERT BY THE WHO, FEATURING
"TOMMY" IN ITS ENTIRETY, AND SELECTED TITLES
FROM OTHER ALBUMS BY THE WHO.

"MUSIC DEN OF INFINITY" AT 98 ON YOUR RADIO
MACHINE. SEPTEMBER 26, 11:00 PM TO 1:00 AM.

"TOMMY" AND ALL OTHER WHO ALBUMS ARE
AVAILABLE WHEREVER RECORDS ARE SOLD.



**Sun Ra cont. from page 9
Incorporated."

The record ends on an out going note; the Arkestra chanting.....

"We Take A Trip To Space/Next Stop, Mars" as they exit, and judging from the audience reaction, the Arkestra must have taken them on a very mellow trip.

Sun Ra's presence is felt on these records. A master musician, director and catalyst, he is always there manipulating the Arkestra from the keyboards, shifting the pace and rhythms and maintaining the pulse and flow of the music. His music does not just end on records, its influences have been felt and assimilated into other media, notably theater, film and dance, and his tunes are now being recorded by the newer rock groups like the MCS and NRBQ.

Over the years Sun Ra has always used a music rushing like a wild thing to enter the minutest particle of Being, as a Medium, to present and project images of Other/ness, to the listener or re-view/er, as an Awareness of Change...the way, the Universe is forever changing. His tune, "The Satellites Are Spinning" says...

"The satellites are spinning/A better day is breaking

Great happiness is pending/The planet Earth awakening

The satellites are spinning/A better dawn is breaking

The galaxies are waiting/For planet Earth's awakening

We sing this song to a great tomorrow
We sing this song to abolish sorrow."

Tam Fiofori

***Conspiracy direct from page 19 to you

The defendants are not going to kiss Magoo's ass or give peace signs to the press. The Conspiracy will win in the courts because it is right even by the dinosaur's prehistoric standards; and if the Conspiracy doesn't win there, it will win in the streets, schools, military bases and factories.

Because the charge is for the crime of thought, the government must show intent to incite, and that opens it up for the defense to show how the Battle of Chicago was crucial. You'll see expert testimony on the war, racism, imperialism, the closed political structure, cultural revolt and the paranoia of American society. All with one purpose -- to put Daley and Johnson and Rusk and the Chicago pigs and even the very courts themselves on trial. The judge and the grand jury procedure have already been challenged in pre-trial motions. Early in the trial, the lawyers will ask for a hearing on jury selection. Presently, 98% of the prospective jurors come from voter registration rolls, and 2% at-large. The number of qualified people who are under 25 or black or radical is miniscule -- how eight Movement figures can be tried by a constitutionally-guaranteed jury of peers in this case should be interesting for the government to explain. The Conspiracy will enter this fight with demographic and sociological data compiled from the current jury rolls which it hopes will provide a model for similar challenges in other pending political cases.

This promises to be a long struggle, both in the courts and on the streets; a struggle that can leave the Movement more together than it has ever been. The spirit of Chicago must live on!

Jim Sosienski and Mike Gold

**Continuation of Windcatcher

victims of an increasing cultural rip-off. We think we are producing music for ourselves and end exploiting our people for interests outside. The artists are given a small kickback to separate them from the street, where they came from and belong.

The communal world is not founded on money but the elimination of it. No artist is free until he's kicked the money addiction, until he finds that he doesn't need it when he is part of a brotherhood that finds other ways to survive. If we cannot manufacture our own records for free distribution, it is better to drop recordings entirely and play only (a) live. And get everyone in on it. Our only music doesn't have to come from specialized entertainers when we can all be singing and chanting in groups (like every other primitive society, which is one of the basic communal ways of getting stoned together). We're all musicians, we all have vocal chords. If we can't print our own for free distribution, our writing can be read aloud. Copyrighting is an insult to a writer, designed primarily to protect the publishing industry and secondarily to separate "successful" writers from their people and turn them into parasites. Visual arts we can all do in some way. Selling a painting is like selling your child. They should be given away (children too, as long as we're on that metaphor) to members of the communal family. That way, you never lose them, you never have to hang on to them.

Art like religion is alive only so long as it is not viewed as art (or religion) but is experienced as the human activity it is. We have only one art to account for, the art of living. We learn this one and all the rest fall into place.

Listen to TRIAD
MON - FRI

9 - 4 AM

SUBSCRIBE

THE JETHRO TULL MESS



Publicizing Jethro Tull has been no bed of roses. Like in what we thought was a pretty witty advertisement for their *This Was* album, we said the group was "four Englishmen who often appear in public as old men: shaggy hair, beards powdered with white, age lines on their faces." And that their namesake was "the man who invented the plough three centuries ago, or so."

Well, no sooner was the ink dry on these ads than Ian Anderson, the group's flutist and lead singer, described, in a prestigious underground rock publication, all of the above as "not a silly milli-particle less than 'absolute bull . . .'" (we at Reprise wish to spare the community the decay Ian's actual wording might cause). According to Ian, Jethro Tull was, in fact, an eighteenth century musician who invented the seed drill. He also said the group has never, nor ever would appear as "old men" in public.

Which made us feel pretty shitty.

But, never ones to let hurt feelings stand in the way of business, we have miraculously picked ourselves up off the floor and written, yes, *ANOTHER JETHRO TULL AD*, this one for their swell new album, *Stand Up*.

Between the time of our Great Embarrassment and the completion of this new bag of groovies, a couple of things have changed with Jethro Tull: (1) Jethro

Tull have made it across the U.S. a couple of times, and not gone unnoticed. In one show we caught, the audience applauded when their amps were wheeled on stage. It built from there.

(2) Their first album—*This Was*—on Reprise has been a rewarding experience to our sales guys, whose initial reaction to Jethro Tull was, "Gawd, not another one?"

(3) And Ian's chagrin over our transgressions has abated. Slightly.

Stand Up. You'll enjoy it and be happy.



STAND UP by JETHRO TULL
is on Reprise, where it belongs.

Bonnie Sez'
Dig it!



MARTHA VELEZ
"Fiends & Angels"

Stire
(CDS 000)
\$2.99



TEN YEARS AFTER
"Ssssh."

\$2.99



ROLLING STONES
"Through the Past Darkly"

LONDON \$3.69

LONDON

JOHN MAYALL
"Looking Back"

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SAVOY BROWN
"A Step Further"

Stire
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201 N. LaSalle St (Corner Lake)
55 W. Monroe (At Dearborn)
Good Until Oct. 15, 1969

Hip POCRATES

Dear Gene Schoenfeld,

During the summer and fall I will be organizing a politically active, agricultural-educational commune in connection with Goddard College in Vermont.

I'm looking for a physician, preferably married and with a family, who would be interested in living communally with students and faculty. The doctor would teach and do community medicine in exchange for live, land, and love. He would also undertake college sponsored research in AMA neglected fields of herbal and oriental medicine.

Have any interested parties get in touch with me at:

Institute for Policy Studies
1520 New Hampshire Avenue NW
Washington DC 20036
202-AD-9382

and thanks for any help.

best, Marc Estrin

QUESTION: Is there any danger of a girl getting pregnant during her period while she is on the pill?

My girl friend started taking birth control pills but there are only 20 pills in each pack leaving 8 days per month (including her period) "unprotected". Since you wrote that it is possible (though improbable) for a girl to get pregnant during her period, does a 20 day pill supply give true 28 day protection?

Further, she tells me that the pills are rather small. Would they still be effective if one were to get caught in her mouth and dissolve there, rather than in her stomach?

P.S. Please answer in the next two weeks.

ANSWER: Birth control pills act by preventing ovulation, the release of eggs from the ovaries. Spermatozoa may find their way to the customary trying place, the fallopian tubes, but won't find there their objects of affection.

Hormones contained in birth control pills nurture blood vessels and tissue lining the uterus. Withdrawal of these hormones at the end of the 20 (or 21) day pill cycle causes the uterine wall lining to degenerate and slough. The result is similar to normal menstrual bleeding.

Many medications are effective when dissolved and absorbed by mucus membranes such as those lining the mouth, vagina and rectum. Birth control pills should be swallowed whole. But if they are dissolved in the mouth they'll still be effective.

Birth control pills give full protection throughout the menstrual cycle. So far as we know, the only girls to become pregnant while on the pill, are those who can't count.

QUESTION: For a while now, I have thought that if my body were more masculine, I might be more at ease with myself and with chicks.

Do you think that male hormones are a possible solution? I'd like to talk to someone about this but I'm a student and don't have much money.

ANSWER: What do you mean by a masculine body? Most girls are turned off by masculine men. Perhaps you mean a body covered with hair? Some women dig hairy men and others don't.

Find a copy of the famed John Lennon-Yoko Ono photograph. There stand John wearing nothing but a necklace. His chest seems free of hair and there's no evidence of recent weight lifting exercises.

After a physical examination, you ought to consult a counselor as you've suggested. If your school doesn't have such a service, contact the nearest free clinic or Department of Mental Hygiene of your county health department.

The only noticeable effect hormones have in a normal man is to shrink his testicles. This phenomenon has been observed in some weightlifters and football players who take anabolic hormones in an attempt to gain muscle weight.

DEAR DR. HIP POCRATES is a collection of letters and answers published by Grove Press. \$5 at your favorite bookstore.

Dr. Schoenfeld welcomes your letters. Write to him % P O Box 9002 Berkeley California 94709

17 x 20 Posters by KH Meschbach

Vol 3 No 4. . . . Last Christmas (busted) Centerfold
Vol 3 No 13. . . . Centerfold
Vol 4 No 3. . . . Front/Back Cover
Vol 4 No 3. . . . Centerfold
Vol 4 No 6. . . . Centerfold
Vol 4 No 6. . . . Front cover

OUT OF TOWN? SEND \$3.75 FOR ALL 6 plus
1 extra to Karl Heinz Meschbach % Seed

THE GERMS OF THIS COUNTRY'S BATTLEPRIDE

EAT AWAY OUR DINNERS

The only way to understand the life of the "lumpenproletariat," as petit-bourgeois radicals have labelled it — the dispossessed of Amerika, the street-people, the undesirables — is to live it.

You sit in the bus trying to eat your first real food for the last two days without cramming it into your mouth all at once or smearing your hands. A grilled cheese sandwich and a pickle, for thirty-five cents. If your mother hadn't majored in home economics in college and brought you up by the rules, you would probably be filling up on potato chips or candy bars. Her admonition about not eating in front of other people unless you can give them some goes unheeded, because you didn't have time to eat in the restaurant without being late for this evening's meeting.

You don't have a job and you're not looking for one. Many of the people sitting around you are on the way from their first to their second, or are cynically going through the motions of trying to find just one, and wondering how they can find enough time and money to take care of their kids.

You try to lean back to catch up on last night's missed sleep. It doesn't matter that people are staring at you. If you were from another family in another neighborhood, or from a "good" family long passed, you'd be just as thankful for a piece of pavement or a quiet alley.

A fellow getting off draws, "Ya oughta be careful sleepin' on the bus like that — might get ripped off!" You reply, "I don't believe in private property." You remember giving three old guys the quarter they said they needed for the bus last night when you only had two bucks to your name; you knew you could get bread panhandling easier than they if you ran out, even though you suspect it went toward some cheap wine instead. That's okay; last week's mass skinny-dipping in northern Wisconsin seems long ago and far away by now, but its memory is more escape from the blocks of broken glass and crammed storefronts than those men could ever find now.

Warm sunlight flashes orange on your closed eyelids sporadically, bursting the cage of the city's tenements. Alongside a yard of scrapped cars, an old man with a poorly fitting false leg (or perhaps one that wasn't set properly when broken) drags a large leather bag. Two teenagers sling shirts over their shoulders and walk between railroad tracks, while hands of little boys jump over puddles and scamper through the alleys, occasionally heaving wadded papers and beer cans through the streams of wheels.

There's so much pain and deadness vomited at you from the crowded sidewalks and gaping buildings. Helplessness settles on you like oily dust as the blocks roll past.

In another part of town now, you imagine smashing out your fist against the sparkling bank windows and neon-lighted stores and the businessmen walking briskly to their big new cars. The kinds of cars that have always driven past while you shivered with your thumb out until rattling doors were opened by garage attendants or hippies crowded together with stoned smiles.

Occasionally you pass a medallioned officer with a spark of life shining through his carefully arranged expression, but even here among the bright coats and expensive suits the faces seem as gray as the sky.

While you try to stifle compassion and to convince yourself this is their "just reward" — this working their hearts to death for bigger bank accounts — you catch snatches of a conversation between two middle-aged secretaries in the seat behind you: "He made it through school finally, God knows I never thought he'd do it... They had all the furniture paid off — all the depts paid... We never expected it... She's still keeping the apartment, doesn't know whether to give it up or not... We don't know what to do with her. She's wearing herself out, can't sleep for worrying he's been killed over there... They say they're pulling out the troops, but we haven't heard anything from him..."

You notice "The Traveler's Times" posted in one of the advertisement slots above the seats and copy it down in your notebook: "Unless an institution such as capitalism can retain legitimacy, both in the minds of those who operate it and in the minds of those who constitute its environment, it cannot survive... Within limits, failure and trauma do more for legitimacy than success. The great Depression, for instance, far from shaking the belief of the American in his own system, reinforced that belief simply because the whole society had gone through a disastrous experience together. ...Success might, therefore, possibly be more dangerous to capitalism than a certain amount of failure. ...It is never safe to take the future for granted, least of all when one is successful." —Kenneth E. Boulding, in *America Now*.

Images of Resistance friends and bohemian apartments are flitting through your head, fantasies of stepping from this bus into their arms, out of this world of cold strangeness and grit.

At one stop a young fellow in denim with hair pulled into a ponytail stumbles over the feet back to the seat in front of you. He reflects over his quick-bitten fingernails.

You feel a tacit mutuality and tap his shoulder: "Do you feel like you're trapped in the dying corpse of Amerika?" He mumbles, "I don't think about it," and turns back to his former position in silence.

You pull the cord to signal your stop, and walk up to the exit. The bus stops... you can't open the door... the bus rolls on... you pull the cord... the bus stops and still the door doesn't open... you pull the cord again while another block flashes by.

An old man steps up behind you and says gently, "Here, you have to push this button." (above the door with a sign giving directions.)

At last you're out on the sidewalk and running back to the Seed office, thankful to know with certainty that someone passing down the distant street still has his eyes open to the people around him.

You don't wonder any more why so few articles like this are ever written.

Sharon Yelvington

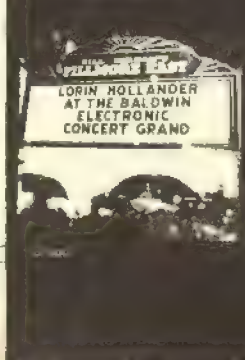
FILMORE EAST

LORIN HOLLANDER AT THE BALDWIN ELECTRONIC CONCERT GRAND

"If Your Into
Classical,
Hear Some
Beautiful
Stuff"



Angel has it — LIVE!
The revolutionary
February 23 concert



In The City

Rain and wind meet in night paved alleys
Like vomit in reverse
Stormdrains choke on refuse drained from sky and man.
Apartment houses become avaries
Filled with perching souls framed in steaming windows.
It is cold where I live:
Only a coffee cup, warm as a breast
Reminds me of other days.

felix

Just go away;
Taking all
madness and leaving me:
To search for a missing existence
that draws me on
Leaving me
to make a monument
to obscurity.

Joe McHugh

Lay

Lay back
Lay your back naked.
Let your welts heal in the rain
Let your pain, . . . real, . . . feel plain
Non-toned, non-sensed
Then ask the reason
For all this nonsense.
Lay my back naked?
Not again.
Not for any healing, healing
But that which I'll give myself.

marty

Beauty is lying right here, by my side
Hidden in her pain and I in mine
We all, always, have our hidden pains
There's just too much of Chicago to think
Too many sounds, smells, bells
The El'll get you down
And the only way to get up is fucked.
Oh it's a foolish town
And I guess I've had enough
I've had too much of the town, to give up
And, oh, that reminds me
There's something I must flush
Down the drain, rain, stain
Pain, lain, strain, . . .
Must I go on?

marty

She tilted her head
Squinted her eyes
Raised up on one shoulder
Finally awoke, to realize
She wasn't getting any older
No reason to ask why,
She was dead.

marty

DISGUST NO. 49

Imagine
describing that "your buddies get blown away" in war
While
knowing that the Romans created deserts and called it peace.
Uptight
at my cities for turning pure flakes into black decay.
Watching
as a toxic twilight engulfs our crowded lives
Tomorrow
awakening and still dead. . . .

Joe McHugh

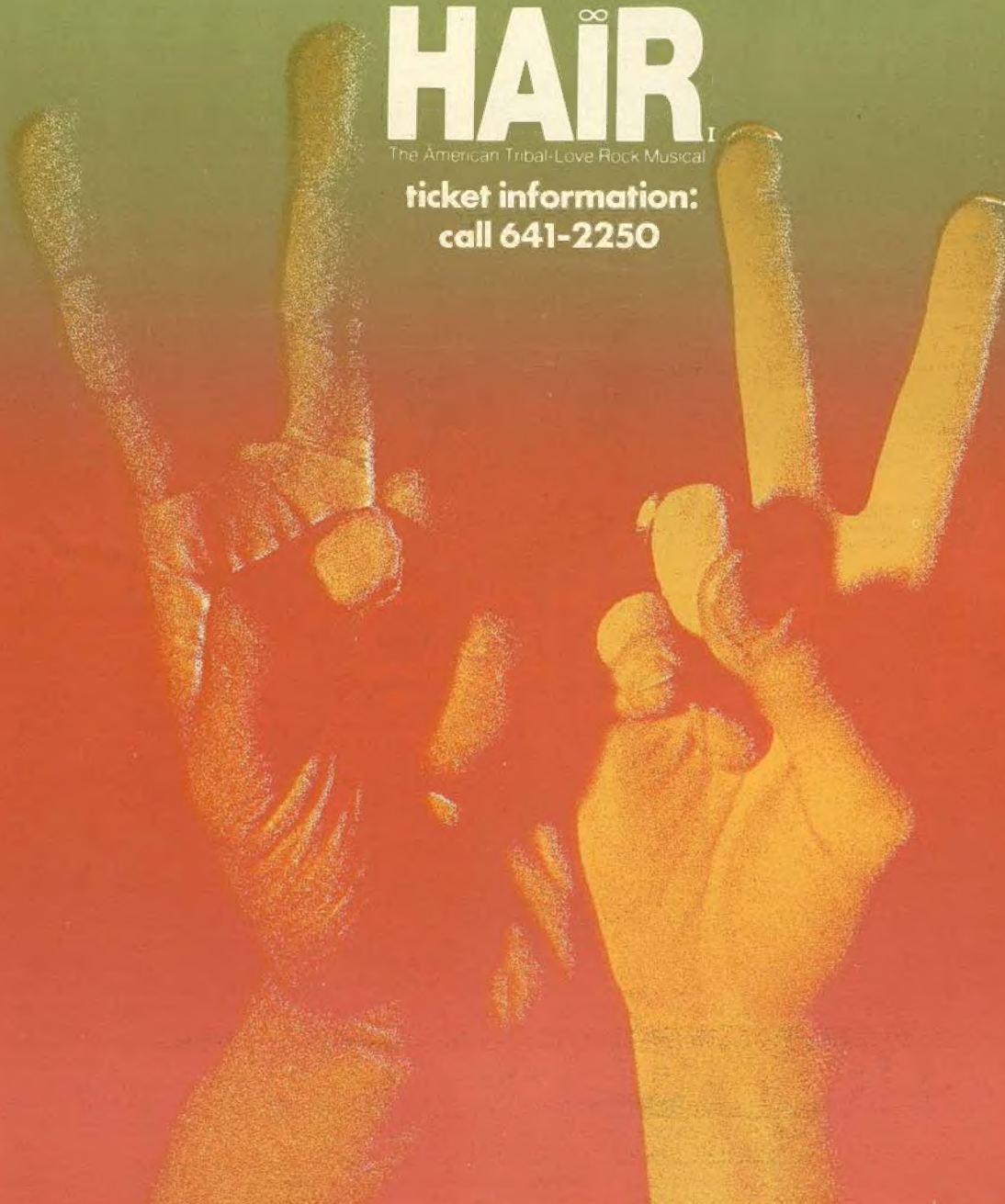
Non-violent peace movement.

Opening October 22 at the Shubert Theater.

HAIR[∞]

The American Tribal-Love Rock Musical

ticket information:
call 641-2250



SWEET DREAMS Trip-out with Super High 100% legal Hash. 20 number lid 3/\$5.00, 7/\$10.00 Guaranteed Send to CHRYSTALLIS Box 36241-CS Hollywood California 90036

Exp. drummer 21 wants work in blues or rock band Call Carl 437-7864

Chicago photograph er needs hip figure models part time \$20 per hour experience not necessary Send statistics and pictures if possible to Mr Photographer Box 1433 Chicago 60690

Progressive theater classes for children 5-13 Summerhill type creat. helpers, acting, tech, all interested Cary 549-0594

WARNING NOT FOR FREAKS! Little Black Book Midwest The singles dating magazine for straight singles only, deals in service not sensation Everyone wants to meet some new people. The Little Black Book just happens to be the safest simplest and easiest way! On sale now or send \$1 to: Suite 203-F, 408 W Main St Fairborn, Ohio 45324 or write for free information

TAKE A TRIP Turn on with the "Famous Trip-Out Book" Sure-fire formulas to make hash from legal chemicals. Make peyote, DMT, cannabis, LSD, etc. Do it now! Send \$2 to TRIPS UNLIMITED Box 36347CS Hollywood 90036

Pollution is killing you. New organization People Against Pollution (PAP) meet every Sunday night to rap research and decide what needs to be done. Got any ideas on how to save the world or info on major cause of pollution Call Rue9days) 281-2737 or Warren 345-6330 for info

ANYONE interested in Free Store Free Restaurant, Communications Center anything else I might dig contact Phil at the People's Park or Young Comanchero Office at 844 W Armitage.

Offering 24 hour Notary Public service (also depositions, etc) at co-operative charge to heads, involved persons, etc, etc. 929-0847 Sienkiewicz

GREENFEEL is a living rebel, part of the Revolution. Greenfeel a magazine of creation, kids & community, Box 347 CS Barre, Vt 05641-44pp \$1 kids 25 cents

Pamels Sylvia C everything is alright Mom & Dad & Maria miss you. Maria keeps asking for you Please call= 1 or write.

If you are turned on physically as well as mentally, you may find a Kindred Spirit in **KINDRED SPIRITS** Swinging adult correspondence magazine. Loaded with pictures and ads of groovy guys gals and couples who want to meet you. \$1 for sample copy to KS Box 3806 Chicago Illinois 60654

LEGAL HASH. Turn-on guaranteed. Just like grass, cook or smoke it. \$2 lid makes 20 joints. 3lids/\$5, 7lids/\$10 Hurry!!! Dealers wanted. **WINNER** Box 4 8475-CS Hollywood 90048

UPTIGHT? Hip head shrinking to help you get it together, student rates Near L Gl 383-5909

Chicago bachelor 33 looking for sophisticated, attractive, strong, girl who likes wrestling and play with successful writer. No bondages or pain just fun. Jim 642-1693



DIG IT We have mixed feelings about running some of these ads (freedom of blah-blah vs personal taste) and can't always vouch for the sincerity & legitimacy. In other words proceed at your own risk. If you are still interested we get a dollar for the first line 50 cents for each additional line 32 spaces equal one line Movement ads and the ads of people who can hustle terry are free of charge...

The sexual underground how to join, wife swapping, group sex with pictures Rush \$2 to Orgies Box 337-CS Hollywood 90048 or write for info.

Hippy beads for selfstringing, buttons (84 different 1968 political, 349 funny) decals, Buttons & bumperstickers made to order, Wholesale & retail. **FREE** catalogue Suite 503-S. 160 W 46 St NYC NY 10036

PIDGEON 88
Hello to you and the rest of Carthage from 3D's of tent F9.

Groovy college male 24 seeks same for fun and games Box 222 %Seed

SUPERPOT is better than marijuana! Stock up while still legal. Money back guarantee! \$2/lid, 3/\$5, 7/\$10 F Kaleda Box 134-st Kent Ohio 44240

APHRODISIACS
Induce sexual desire Rush \$2 Magic Box 818CS Hollywood 90004

Nationally famous Chicago photographer is looking for male and female model to illustrate high quality all color art book on the beauty of physical love. Will pay up to \$300 a week to each model for two weeks work Subjects should be late teens to early twenties Girl must be tall, lean and preferably leggy. Man must be compatible Box FS % Seed

LETTER WRITERS
Don't answer an adult personal ad until you see what other people write. Dozens of hot letters answering AC/DC and straight ads placed by single girls and swinging couples just released (sent in plain wrapper) **RUSH \$2** for The Letter File Box 36603-CS Hollywood 90036

USA Renta Car 32 N State St Rm 1400 Chicago phone ST 2-1813 Free cars everywhere in the USA

J. Sapp Please call, reverse charges We love you...Dad & Mums

Believe it or not fine radio is really happening in Chicago on WXFM from 9 til midnight and continuing on to 4am on WEBH.

BREAD FOR RAGS
THE ART STALL
1211 W Devon

If you would like to place a Seed classified the rates are \$1 for the first line & 50 cents for each additional line count 32 spaces per line please send bread in with your ad to 2628 N Halsted 60614

The Conspiracy needs help, call to find out what you can do. 427-7773

A get-together for young over 21 gay guys that are seriously looking for a lover but don't dig the park or bar scene for more info write Box ALT % Seed

Uptight? Hung up? Freaked out? need someone to talk to, who won't lay the Gospel on you? afraid an establishment shrink will mess with your mind? Movement mental health professionals welcome the opportunity to rap with you. Also available for consultations, seminars & discussions on group processes, community organization, sensitivity groups & alternative life styles. For more info call= 477-9852

NEW HIGH Now you can really get off on something that is worth your time and bread Supergrass Gold is a very potent legal high Up from, Super Grass Gold will get you there or your \$ back. \$2 per lid 3/5, 7/10 Send to On The Spot 907 N Harper Box 3 Hollywood Calif 90046 Beware of imitations Female models needed for photography \$40 per session Call 383-5228 7-10 weekdays only

Jewel Food stores are being picketed Friday evenings & Saturday afternoons until they get rid of their grapes Call 427-7078 for more information.

Male age 30 desires masculine male, hairy chest, for occasional fun & games Box 359 % Seed

Lots of free mostly straight clothes, sizes 14-18 Also free food, and sometimes extra bread for whoever needs it. Please call up first, and ask for Kurt, at 328-3987. 1135 Asbury in Evanston About 5 blks West of Spectacle, & the Earth

Bachelor seeks young attractive female companion at week-end house in Wisconsin Box 00 % Seed

Seeks communication with a long-haired guy, freak or head, but send picture Crystal 8139 S Paulina Chicago 60620

Nice young man 20, would like to meet girls 17-20 Call Ted after 10am 777-7653

The Seed needs the following office supplies: pens, ribbons for an IBM Selectric Composer (Selectric 71 ribbons will do), a heavy duty stapler, manilla envelopes (large), stamps, press-type, snap-pake, and if you can rip off any type fonts for an IBM Composer we can use them. love love thanx thanx

HUNG UP? Groovy counseling not too pricey. 338-3328

To the girl who digs Ferlinghetti from Hibbing Minnesota I met at the Denver Pop Festival please write Brandon in Lincoln at 1800 Bancroft.

MUSIC FESTIVAL final evening at Al= ice's Restaurant 6:30pm to 3:00am Sat Sept 27 Al= ices Restaurant 2445 Lincoln Ave 50 cents donation will get you in.

Anybody with a hearse or ambulance who would like to help out TRIAD or someone with a similar vehicle they wouldn't mind having painted Call 973-1277

Male model wants art or illustration work nothing more Box 324 % Seed

Trivial shit needs doing. We can't pay, but we'll give you records, tickets, posters and other garbage. Easy work, spare time Call Dave 644-8985 10-5

White magic incantations & Rituals-Love money, health, enemies, luck, employment \$2 each one. Kirch Box 148 Shelton Connecticut

Hip girl student, age 14 desires hip guy student age 15-16 Call Patti 248-1642

THANK for giving Ruth the pigeon lady a plug. . . power to the pigeons may they decorate city hall.

Young male desires work as artist's or photographer's model. Write Box 979 % Seed.

BLOW YOUR MIND
Smoke nutmeg and other turn-ons. How to prepare and use with details on mind bending effects \$2 for your high to VIBRATIONS Box 74607-CS Hollywood California 90004

CENSORED
You can be sure you won't hear "Je T'Aime... Moi Non Plus" by Jane Birkin and Serge Gainsbourg on the radio. This is the act of love sensitively and poetically portrayed against a beautiful musical background. Europeans have already discovered it and made it the number 1 single record on their continent in spite of censorship. Fontana Records makes it available here and now. Listen to it.

Dylanology We would dig hearing from people with rare source material (TV, radio, records, tapes, rare articles, etc.) Call Dylan Archives collect 212-638-6515

GOING TO CANADA TO AVOID THE DRAFT? You need the new April 1969 edition of 'Immigration to Canada and its relation to the Draft' Single copies free from the Montreal Council to Aid War Resisters, Case Postale 5, Succ Wsmnt Montreal 215, Quebec Canada

TRIAD is now on two stations from 9pm to 12 on WXFM radio 106 and from 12 to 4am on WEBH radio 93.9

Stephen Erbach call 643-4534 any Monday or Thursday evening from 7pm to 7:30pm

Apt for rent, large 3 bedrm, kitchen, dining room, living room, bath, pantry. 816 W Newport \$150. per month inc. heat Call Dick Asch 472-6376

WANITA CALL ME --- RICK

TRIAD TRIAD TRIAD TRIAD

PROGRESSIVE UNDERGROUND MONDAY THRU FRIDAY NOW ON TWO STATIONS
ON WXFM (106) from 9 to 12 and on WEBH (93.9) from 12 to 4am

SMOKES!

HOW I SURVIVED IN A RURAL MIDWESTERN BAR WITHOUT GETTING A HAIRCUT

I'm a normal American boy with normal American desires. My hair grows down toward my shoulders and I smoke cigarettes. I live on a farm. Which I know is not very American but I admit I got a lot to learn. There is only one room in the schoolhouse here and the roads are poor in the winter. In the summer I work the plow. Yesterday I went to town for the first time since my hair got so long. To buy a pack of cigarettes. Also, I am 25-years old, got a big bushy beard, a fat stomach and smoke a lot.

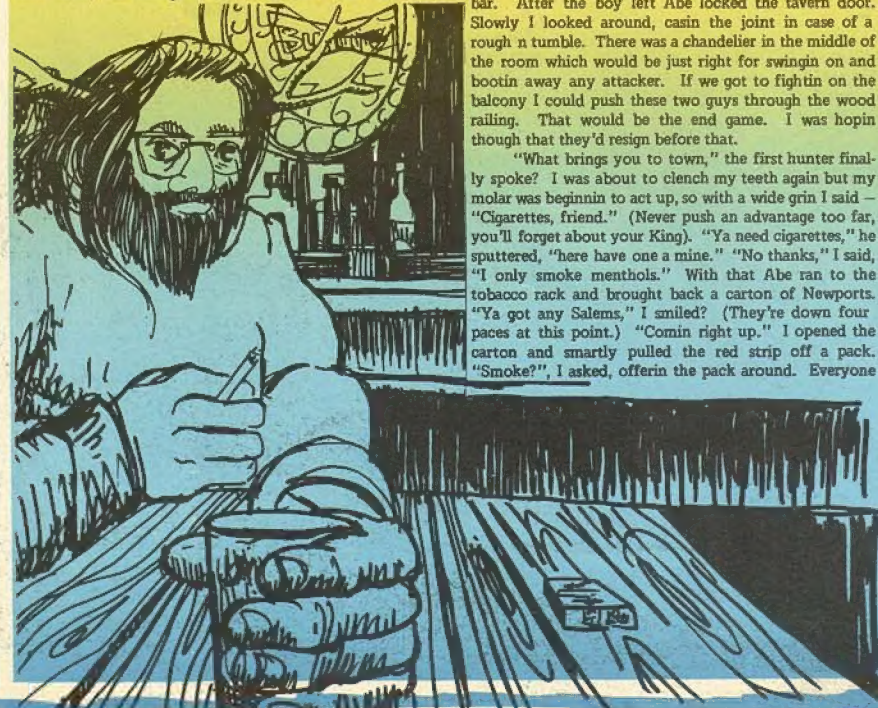
Borrowed Pa's pickup truck and headed on out. Past the meadow and the mailbox. Made a left turn at the country crossroads for the first time. Followed the road to town. The town was easy to recognize because there was four buildings, one next to another, and a lotta signs. I parked the pickup by the telephone booth and walked across the road, paved, to the tavern. There was a whole lotta cardboard pictures of beer bottles and girls in the window. Pa told me that'd be the tavern.

As I walked in I saw a group of fellas standin' at the end of the bar, all wearin' the same red plaid jackets. Hunters. From outta state. One said to the other in a whispered drunken voice that hit me clear across the room: "Looks like the barbershops are closed!" Well I sure hadn't expected a greeting like that, because I thought I looked so handsome, my hair freshly washed and gleamin, blowin all over the bar; my beard shiny and brushed.

Pa and I have played chess together since I started going to school. We've never stopped. I know all the rules and how each piece moves. Pa's always won, but I know how the game's supposed to be played. You can bet on that. Well when I heard that hunter make his smart remark about my hair it was like I saw Pa's Queen pin my Bishop in fronta my King. What would any smart chess player do at that point? Attack. Attack the darn Queen and turn the advantage around. "The best defense is a strong offense." The Green Bay Packers'll tell you that, too.

Pullin my stomach in til it almost broke my spine, I sauntered over to the bar, planted my left foot on the rail and my left arm on the bar itself. The smile on my face was so big and jolly that it would've charmed a pack a hungry foamin wolves. With my deepest manliest voice, near-baritone, I said to this plaid-clad fella: "Yup, the barber shops in this town seem to be closed."

Well, now if that wasn't a clincher then the Jets didn't win the title and Bobby Fisher can't play chess. This guy got so unsettled he nearly blew his liquor out through his nose. He had a big nose. Not a Jimmy Durante nose, but enough of a nose to cause some kiddin



when fellas get together. He was almost bald-headed on top of it. Well this guy with the big nose just didn't know what to do. His buddy, standing next to him carrying cheeks like a big city politician, filled up the tense silence in the tavern (everything had stopped, it was like "Showdown at Bad Rock") by saying "wouldja like a drink?"

Obviously it was my move again. And it looked like it was my game. Still smilin, I said, much quieter and more assured, this time just like Gary Cooper (I wish I'da had a weed stem in my mouth), "sure friend, a tall glass a buttermilk."

People were now backin away from the bar. The bartender's son was takin the expensive whiskey off the back shelves. The bigmouth hunter was nervous as all get out, but knowing he was pinned he called to the bartender "Give my friend a tall glass a buttermilk, Abe."

Abe opened a cabinet behind the bar. Inside the cabinet was a safe. He twisted the lock, opened the safe door and took out the one bottle of buttermilk sittin there. Hands a tremblin he set it on the bar in front of me. The label on the bottle read: "Frank James' Buttermilk, 1886." "That was Frank's bottle," Abe said to me. "I'll pay him back right smart, "I snapped, "I'd like a straw."

Abe sent his son out to the grocery store to buy a straw and I stood with the two hunters. Lookin handsome, strong and hairy.

"You live in town, stranger," the second hunter asked? "Nope," I replied through my teeth. Silence. "Come up here to hunt?" "Nope," I clenched again.

The three of us were now the only ones left at the bar. After the boy left Abe locked the tavern door. Slowly I looked around, casin the joint in case of a rough n tumble. There was a chandelier in the middle of the room which would be just right for swingin on and bootin away any attacker. If we got to fightin on the balcony I could push these two guys through the wood railing. That would be the end game. I was hopin though that they'd resign before that.

"What brings you to town," the first hunter finally spoke? I was about to clench my teeth again but my molar was beginnin to act up, so with a wide grin I said - "Cigarettes, friend." (Never push an advantage too far, you'll forget about your King). "Ya need cigarettes," he sputtered, "here have one a mine." "No thanks," I said, "I only smoke menthols." With that Abe ran to the tobacco rack and brought back a carton of Newports. "Ya got any Salems," I smiled? (They're down four paces at this point.) "Comin right up." I opened the carton and smartly pulled the red strip off a pack. "Smoke?", I asked, offerin the pack around. Everyone



but Abe took one. He had a cigarette in his hand. Each a the hunters had one in the ashtray. I chose Abe's match to light the cigarette. He blew out the match, I smiled.

There was a loud rapping at the door. I thought it was the law and the game was lost. Quickly I dipped the carton a Salems into my shirt. Started to gulp the buttermilk. "It's the boy, Abe, unlock the door," the fat-faced hunter yelled.

In comes the boy with a box a peppermint-striped straws. He gives em to Abe and Abe sets em in front a me. I heave a sigh of relief. Almost made a bad move. How would it look to be in a gunfight with buttermilk coatin your upper lip? Saved by my opponent's error.

I put a straw in the glass and slowly sipped the buttermilk. The loud-mouthed hunter said "Well, we gotta be goin, it was nice to have met you." "I'm almost through," I said. He sat back down.

As he sat down the box of straws fell off the bar. His buddy reached over to pick em up, his red plaid sleeve brushin against my drinkin straw. "How'm I gonna use that straw now," I shrieked! "Gosh, I'm sorry stranger," he simpered, "it was an accident pure and simple." "Accidentally on purpose, huh," I retorted! "Now just take it easy, we don't want no trouble in here." "Then how come you make fun a my hair?" "Didn't mean nothin by it, all in jest, stranger." "Well there aint nothin funny about my hair now is there?!" "No, you got nice hair." "You like it?" "Yeah, it's real nice," they said in unison. "You aint never gonna joke about my hair again are ya now?" "Oh no, we like your hair a lot." "Touch my hair." "What?" "I said touch my hair!" "Well...." "TOUCH IT!!" "Yup, it's nice hair awright." "Does it feel like its just been washed?" "Sure do, real soft." "Now YOU aint got nice long hair like me do ya?" "No sir." "Next time I come in here I wanna see you all with nice long soft hair, hear?" "Yes sir," "Thanks for the drink." "You bet." "Tell Frank I'll get him another bottle." "Okay," said Abe. "See ya in a few months."

I walked outta the bar, never lookin back, and got into Pa's pickup.

Learned a couple a lessons in town yesterday. First, if you got long hair in a small town you better know your chess game well. And second, it don't pay to get vicious until you've had the last straw.

More Fables